THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 651. AUGUST 1, 1913. *Vol. LV.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE 69

CASUAL COMMENT 71

The fiction month. — The loss of a priceless manuscript. — The proposed Legislative Drafting Bureau in the Library of Congress. — Vest pocket libraries. — The man of a hundred books. — An old review under new editorship. — The fascination of the folder. — The latest addition to the Index Expurgatorius. — A premium upon illiteracy. — The novelist in quest of his material. — Provision for the literary needs of Australian sailors. — A re-interpretation of the classics.

COMMUNICATIONS 74

A Plan for English Translations of Scandinavian Writers. *Aksel G. S. Josephson.*

Literature as a Substitute for Life. *Robert J. Shores.*

The Widener Library and the Harvard "Yard." *Erving Winslow.*

THE CROWDED LIFE OF A WOMAN OF LETTERS. *Percy F. Bicknell* 76

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS. *Horace M. Kallen* . 78

THE PLAYBOY OF AMERICAN CRITICS. *Thomas Percival Beyer* 80

THE BORGIA HORRORS AGAIN. *Roy Temple House* 82

THE ENGLISH EPIC. *Herbert E. Cory* 83

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS 87

The Constitution economically interpreted. — Royal masques in the days of James I. — A half-forgotten hero of the Civil War. — Hard-won convictions of spiritual realities. — Manners and morals in the eighteenth century. — Before the palette and behind the footlights. — English life and manners in the eighteenth century. — A Jesuit on the hero of Lepanto. — Ravenna: its greatness and its beauty. — Rhapsodies on Italian cities. — Cross views of many subjects.

BRIEFER MENTION 90

NOTES 91

TOPICS IN AUGUST PERIODICALS 92

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 92

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE.

Two months ago, speaking of the English poets upon whose brows the laurel might conceivably be set, we referred to Dr. Robert Bridges as one living apart "in a world of his own creation," and therefore probably to be passed by in favor of someone more likely to be adjudged fit for the laureateship in its patriotic or ceremonial aspect. So high a conception of the office as would be embodied in the appointment of Dr. Bridges we had not thought likely to be entertained by the existing English government, intensely preoccupied as it is with the very practical work of destroying the foundations of the English constitution, and setting the ship of state adrift upon uncharted perilous seas. We had not taken sufficient account of the fact that Mr. Asquith is a gentleman of culture and refined judgment, besides being a statesman committed by circumstance to a detestable political policy, and so we were surprised as well as delighted when it became known that he had made so admirable a choice. For it is the simple truth that no English poet now living carries on the great tradition of English song, as previously upheld by Wordsworth and Tennyson, with a finer sense of the poet's mission in a blatant age than does this modest man of science and accomplished classical scholar.

We call him "Dr. Bridges" because it is only courteous to give a man the title to which professional distinction entitles him. For this there is honorable literary precedent in the cases of Dr. Thomas Browne and Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Weir Mitchell. We notice, however, that certain recent comment has used the title of Dr. Bridges for purposes of malicious emphasis, and as indicative of a sort of veiled resentment of the choice of a poet so little known to the average reader, and so serenely unconcerned with the issues upon which a poet, to secure popularity, must now make his appeal to the general public. For the new laureate is neither spectacular nor freakish; he does not beat the big drum of the jingo, nor does he seek to make capital out of whatever form of sentimentalism happens to be

current. He is not a poet of imperialism or of democracy; he is neither a society poet nor a slum poet; he is simply an artist whose guiding spirit is æstheticism and whose work is conceived *sub specie æternitatis*. He writes of the enduring themes in the enduring manner, which of course invites the attack of horny-eyed philistines everywhere, and earns him the titles of old fogy and conservative and exploiter of old-world themes in outworn forms of expression. The philistine view of his appointment is voiced in such a paragraph as this, taken from a recent Chicago newspaper: "Had Mr. Bridges been able to cast in his lot with the daring young poets who assail society in behalf of the under men, who argue for new forms of pageantry in which the beaten down men shall carry their banners in the procession, the honor now suggested for him must necessarily have passed him by." We are invited nowadays to accept as poetry so much crude didacticism and unlicensed experimentation that we are in danger of forgetting what poetry is and under what severe restraints the true poet is bound to labor at his creative task.

The old idea of the laureateship has been so completely set aside during the incumbency of Wordsworth and Tennyson that we find it difficult to realize that these "Bon Gaultier" verses of seventy years ago truthfully expressed it.

> "Who would not be
> The laureate bold,
> With his butt of sherry
> To keep him merry,
> And nothing to do but pocket his gold."

> "Oh, that would be the post for me,
> With plenty to get, and nothing to do,
> But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
> And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
> And scribble of verses remarkably few."

The better modern idea of the office was that of Queen Victoria, who regarded it "as the official recognition of a distinguished poet, sufficiently susceptible to the form and pressure of the time to be proclaimed without absurdity as its poetical interpreter." We quote from "The Saturday Review," which goes on to say: "It is not now a Laureate's business to celebrate his time. All we require for the office is a poet conspicuously distinguished among his fellows upon whom an official decoration will not indecorously sit." Dr. Bridges answers almost perfectly to this requirement. In his selection the choice lay between the abiding elements of beauty in the poetic art and those ephemeral characteristics which the fashion of the day or the caprices of popular taste may emphasize, and the choice has fallen upon a poet of the right type, even if not upon a poet of the rank of his immediate predecessors.

One of the loveliest poems that Dr. Bridges has written is "Nightingales."

> "Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
> And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
> Ye learn your song:
> Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
> Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
> Bloom the year long!
>
> "Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
> Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
> A throe of the heart
> Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
> No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
> For all our art.
>
> "Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
> We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
> As night is withdrawn
> From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
> Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
> Welcome the dawn."

The subtle cadences and the haunting music of this lyric are the predominant qualities in this poet's artistry. They express at once his high creative gift, his exact knowledge of metrics, and his nice philological scholarship. Of his equipment on the side of science, his prose writings give ample evidence,—the introduction to his edition of Keats, for example, or his paper "On the Present State of English Pronunciation."

It is on the strength of the last-named paper that the shifty spelling reformers have claimed Dr. Bridges for their own. It is true that he here advocates a phonetic alphabet, but it is true also that he says that "phonetic spelling is full of horrors," and he would certainly regard such abortions as "thru" and "program" as typically horrible. For his purpose is to save English speech from the degradation of pronunciation which it is generally suffering in the centres of population, and which such dreadful perversities as the two just cited abet and encourage. His guiding principle is that we should fix our spelling "as we judge words *should be pronounced*, and not as we foresee or guess they *are coming to be pronounced* in the normal process of unimpeded degradation." If the spelling deformers would but try to save or restore the phonetic values that we have lost

or are in danger of losing, there would be much to be said for them. But their attitude is to accept degradation as a *fait accompli*, and so they ask us to write "fixt" for "fixed," although the sound of the "d" has by no means vanished from the speech of careful persons. The tendency which is causing unaccented vowels to lose their distinctive character, so that "to" and "for" and "the" and "sublime" and "above" become "ter" and "fer" and "ther" and "serblime" and "erbove" is the danger with which Dr. Bridges is chiefly concerned, and in this connection he relates an amusing anecdote of a hospital patient whose bed-card indicated that his medicine was to be taken three times a day, and who, reading the awful words *ter die*, "whipped out of bed, and fled for his life, to add, no doubt, a new tale to the *terrers* of the hospital." If the simplified spellers can extract comfort from such advocacy as this, they are welcome to it.

Those whom jealousy on behalf of the muse may make apprehensive lest the new laureate give to medicine what should belong to poetry may be reminded that Dr. Bridges retired from the practice of his profession more than thirty years ago, and has been exclusively a man of letters ever since. He has not sought for popularity, and many of his poems, privately printed, have not come within the reach of the larger public. The Oxford University Press has, however, recently published a selected volume of his lyrics. His longer poems include "The Growth of Love," "Prometheus the Fire-giver," "Eros and Psyche," and eight classical plays. One of the most sympathetic criticisms of his work is that found in the "Studies in Seven Arts" of Mr. Arthur Symons. The following paragraph is this critic's summing up of the essential qualities of the poet:

"Here is an artist so scrupulous that beauty itself must come only in sober apparel, joy only walking temperately, sorrow without the private disfiguring of tears. Made, as it is, out of what might be the commonplace, if it were not the most select thing in the world; written, as it is, with a deliberateness which might be cold, if it were not at that quiet heat in which rapture is no longer astonished at itself; realizing, as it does, Coleridge's requirement that poetry in its higher and purer sense should demand continuous admiration, not regular recurrence of conscious surprise; this poetry, more than almost any in English, is art for art's sake; and it shows, better certainly than any other, how that formula saves from excess, rather than induces to it. So evenly are form and substance set over against each other that it might be said, with as much or as little justice, that everything exists, for form, or that nothing is sacrificed to it."

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE FICTION MONTH in the magazine world is August, a vacation month very well adapted to the sort of recreation found in reading stories, especially short stories. It was twenty-four years ago that the first fiction number made its appearance in that memorable issue of "Scribner's Magazine" (as its publishers now take pleasure in reminding us) which contained Mr. Harrison Robertson's "How the Derby Was Won," Mr. T. R. Sullivan's "The Rock of Béranger," Mr. John R. Spears's "The Story of a Lost Car," Professor Boyesen's "The Two Mollies," and Miss Margaret Crosby's "The Copeland Collection." This year brings us, in the same magazine's fiction number, a characteristic story by the new Ambassador to Italy, "George's Baptism," which, like "Marse Chan," presents the ever amusing and likable Southern darky as no one better than Mr. Thomas Nelson Page knows how to depict him. Other stories by popular authors in the same issue are "The Old Order Changes," "The Mean Pi-Rayte," "Wood-Ladies," "The Pagan," "The Bird in the Bush," and "Sonnie-Boy's People." This month of August is the right time for quoting from "The Newarker"—that eminently quotable "house organ," as it calls itself, of the Newark Public Library—the following defence of fiction-reading: "Almost all the men who work as if they liked it, who move quickly, who use their brains and have brains to use, and who get things done, are fond of reading novels. I conclude from this that the story-teller has always had the attention of the wise men of his generation—just as he has their attention now. I also conclude that the writer of novels to-day is as little harmful and as greatly cheering and helpful to vigorous and competent workers to-day as was the story-teller in generations past. Some find the romance too strong for their blood; but this argues nothing against the excellence of romance. Let the weak refrain from taking that which does not fit their constitutions, and let them leave to all others their choice of books." The closing words recall Darwin's professed inability to read novels because they excited him unduly and interfered with the calm and regular prosecution of his proper work; also Mrs. Howe's way of stopping the reading aloud of a too-harrowing story in her home circle, and her exclamation, "It is too dreadful, I cannot bear it!" We are reminded also of a very busy and energetic worker by day who relaxes the tension at night with allopathic doses of fiction of the most sensational character—"garbage" he calls it, in good-natured derision.

* * *

THE LOSS OF A PRICELESS MANUSCRIPT forms the subject of a Lincoln anecdote that is being told in this semi-centennial year of the great Gettysburg fight, and is especially worthy of repeating since the recent reproduction in a New York journal of what was alleged to be the original draft of the

famous address, one of the classics of American literature, delivered by Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg. This reproduction, showing the White House stationery, clashes violently with the familiar tradition that the speech was scribbled in haste on the back of an old envelope, while the speaker was on his way to the scene of its delivery; but the discrepancy is explained by a son of the late Horatio King of New York. He says that in 1897 he went with his father to call upon Andrew G. Curtin, the old war governor of Pennsylvania, and that Governor Curtin told them of his having been one of the party that accompanied Lincoln to Gettysburg, and that on the journey the President asked him if he had any writing paper. To this the other answered that he had not, but offered him several addressed envelopes, which he cut open in order to make more writing space. Lincoln took them and withdrew to a separate seat, where he busied himself with his pencil, but returned to Curtin just before Gettysburg was reached, and, handing the scraps of paper to his obliging friend, asked him to have a clean copy made of what he had written. This was done at a hotel, and the transcript handed to Lincoln, after which, as Governor Curtin expressed it, "like a d——d fool I threw the slips away. They would be priceless now." Mr. King offers the explanation that Lincoln had probably left his original manuscript behind him by mistake and wrote the penciled draft from memory. Another possible explanation would be that he wrote out the White House copy after the delivery of the speech. A careful comparison of the address as delivered and reported with this still extant copy in Lincoln's hand has of course long ago been made, and the findings of this examination might perhaps be turned to account in throwing some light on the question in dispute.

* * *

The proposed Legislative Drafting Bureau in the Library of Congress ought to be of great service in securing greater simplicity and uniformity and consistency in the bills introduced into the two houses of our national legislature. The defeat of so useful a measure is hardly conceivable, although the unexpected opposition encountered in the Senate illustrates once more that august body's fondness for silly and senseless obstruction. One of the conscript fathers has even felt it his duty to rise in his place and denounce the bill as "the most astonishing piece of legislation I have ever heard proposed in this body." The mere drafting of bills, as Senator Root explained in introducing the measure, would not be the only or most important function of the proposed bureau. This bureau would hunt up and digest all literature in the Library pertaining to the bill in hand. "The fundamental idea" of the so-called Owen act for establishing the bureau, Mr. Root made clear, "is to give the benefit of a trained, experienced student in the preparation of bills; not to take a bill after it has been passed upon, but to perform the function which is now performed to great advantage by the officers who are called counsel in the British House of Commons. The idea is to have a more or less permanent officer who is familiar with existing legislation and with the decisions of the courts, who can take a measure that has been drafted with the slender opportunity for examination and research which we have here, and see how it fits into the existing laws of the country and what its effect will be under the existing decisions of the courts, and suggest better, clearer, more unambiguous, and more effective forms of expression." This is no leap in the dark, such as might inspire excusable terror in a timid Senate; it is something that has already been tried in several of the State legislatures, if we mistake not—notably in that of Wisconsin.

* * *

Vest pocket libraries seem to be rendered possible by Dr. François Dussaud's invention of "cold light," as described by him in "Harper's Magazine" for July. A light that is more economic of electric energy than the ordinary incandescent burner is produced by making the pulsations or waves intermittent instead of continuous, thus greatly reducing the radiation of heat without diminution of light. Heat being thus largely eliminated, a greater concentration of light on the inflammable celluloid film used in photography is made possible; and the celluloid negative of a book-page, for instance, can be of almost microscopic dimensions and still easily thrown onto a screen in such size as to be readable. A year's issue of *Figaro*, says the inventor, can be packed away in negatives occupying no more space than a match; and the volumes for a quarter of a century can thus be put into a cigarette-case. A dozen large books could be photgraphed easily and cheaply, page after page on a continuous film, and the negatives tucked into the vest-pocket without making it bulge uncomfortably, whereas a dozen men would be required to carry the same number of glass negatives. Certain European libraries, says Dr. Dussaud, have already made arrangements for the exchange of rare volumes in this way, in photographic facsimile. Both the photographing and the reproducing apparatus appear to be inexpensive, of small bulk, and easily managed. May it not be that we have here a solution of the problem with which libraries are now confronted in the portentous accumulation of the increasingly enormous product of the printing-press? One seems to hear the groaning bookshelves utter a sigh of expectant relief at this prospect of vest-pocket libraries in the near future.

* * *

The man of a hundred books, carefully selected and thoughtfully read, is a well-educated man. So said Mr. Philander Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, at the recent annual conference of American educators at Salt Lake City. This was at the joint session of the library and rural schools departments of the National Educational Association, at which the subject for discussion was "The Library in its Relation to the Rural Community." Commissioner Claxton declared literature to be the

most important of all school subjects, and then asserted that whoever will read thoughtfully four good books a year will be well educated when he has read one hundred. Such persons are invaluable to their respective communities, they are open to progress, and they have windows in their souls. Mr. Claxton made an eloquent plea for the county library system. He stated that of the thirty-five hundred counties in the United States, twenty-two hundred have no library of five thousand volumes. Notable also was the address of Mr. Ole Rice, State Library Clerk of Wisconsin, who gave some interesting information about rural school libraries in his State. Teachers are required to pass an examination showing their understanding of such principles of library science and the use of books as will enable them to direct the reading of their pupils—a branch of the teacher's equipment which Mr. Rice considers more important than algebra. In speaking of the selection of books for children, he incidentally exposed one fault in the ordinary story of school life: the scene is commonly laid in a boarding-school, not in the public school, and thus a desire to leave home is often unwisely planted in the public school pupil's breast. Herein may lie a valuable hint to the writer of juvenile fiction.

* * *

An old review under new editorship sometimes takes a fresh lease of life with the changed conditions, and sometimes does not. What will be the result of the reorganization of "The Saturday Review," which is to go into effect at the end of August, remains to be seen. Mr. Harold Hodge, its editor for fourteen years past, is to yield his chair to the chief proprietor, the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., who will be assisted by Mr. George A. B. Dewar as literary editor. Famous from the beginning for its addiction to caustic comment and unsparing criticism — one might appropriately call it "The Saturday Slasher," in view of the tone of its book-reviews — this well-known London weekly has in its time enlisted the services of many of England's best writers. Freeman's excoriations of certain unlucky authors made lively reading in the good old days; Leslie Stephen also wrote frequently for the paper; and J. R. Green contributed some admirable sketches of historic towns, and many other articles of value. The present political situation in England is thought to offer the "Saturday" a rare opportunity to recover much of its lost prestige.

* * *

The fascination of the folder, glowingly descriptive of some railway route or steamboat line or summer resort, and lavishly illustrated with the most captivating scenes,— a mountain landscape, the broad piazza of a palatial seaside hotel, the handsomely upholstered interior of a Pullman palace car, the incredible vastness of a steamboat dining-room, or the voluptuous comfort of the same vessel's private suites of rooms,— would be irresistible were it not that each fresh one coming to hand seems more alluring, more full of promise, than the last, so that, after the manner of Buridan's ass, only more harassed by conflicting desires than that poor beast, one balances the equiponderant attractions of mountain and seashore, or of grandly scenic railroad route and softly seductive sea voyage, and perhaps ends by staying at home and confining one's summer travel to an arm-chair perusal of half a hundred of these artistically-made publications of the transportation companies and the hotel men. As it is a common experience to meet a man who, one feels sure, cannot possibly be as wise as he looks, so one is haunted by a doubt whether any of these beautifully-depicted routes of travel and resorts of wealth and leisure can be in reality what they seem in printed appearance. Better, perhaps, not to dispel the illusion. Better to let Elmwood Heights or Sunset Lake or Idyl Island remain in the mind's eye the perfect paradise it purports to be than to risk the disenchantment of actuality. Thus the folder becomes harmless literature to him who has wisdom and restraint, its seductions seduce only in imagination, and one watches with interest each season its developing charms, its more artfully paraded attractions and allurements.

* * *

The latest addition to the Index Expurgatorius is that spirited romance of Elizabethan times and Elizabethan mariners, "Westward Ho!" The school committee of Boston has held earnest debate over Kingsley's masterpiece and decreed that it shall be dropped from the supplementary reading list of the Boston high schools because, as we gather, the author's treatment of the religious controversies of the time is likely to cause offense. Undoubtedly there is much with which readers of certain prejudices and upbringing might disagree in the Anglican writer's earnest utterance on certain points over which men have argued and fought for centuries; but what romance-hungry young reader is going to let that fact spoil the story for him or her? The condemned passages are more than likely to be skipped in any case, or to be hurried over with no thought but for the progress of the fortunes of Amyas Leigh. Truly, if Kingsley is dangerous reading, we had better confine our youths and maidens to the reading of "Sandford and Merton" and "The Parent's Assistant," and bar their approach to the public library.

* * *

A premium upon illiteracy might almost serve as a designation of that provision of the Underwood tariff bill which, now that the Senators have tinkered it to their satisfaction, removes from the free list "books and pamphlets chiefly in languages other than English." Stupid and harmful and utterly indefensible as was the original provision for taxing imported English books (with some grudging exceptions in favor of libraries and schools), this imposing of a duty on non-English books is an imposition indeed. Our last state will be worse than our first if this witless clause becomes a law; for hitherto the advanced student could keep abreast of continental European scholarship in his department with-

out being fined for his alertness and zeal, and the book-loving immigrant could send home for literature in his native German or Swedish or Hungarian or other language (except English) and rejoice in his exemption from those custom-house formalities and delays and expenses that hamper and exasperate the purchaser of foreign books printed in English. The window tax of early times was a senseless attempt to collect a revenue on light and air, bodily necessities, and deserved all the reprobation it received; but this laying of a duty on the light and air of the soul and intellect bespeaks a density of blockheadedness (to call it nothing worse) that fairly passes conception. The authorship of this masterpiece of solemn stupidity has been intimated in the reports from Washington, but the name shall not here be held up to ridicule and infamy. It is to be hoped that early legislative or executive action will save that name from going down to posterity as a synonym for all that is smallest and stupidest, most reactionary and most injurious, in tariff legislation.

* * *

THE NOVELIST IN QUEST OF HIS MATERIAL is too often tempted, especially in his beginning years, to go far afield. *Ignotum pro magnifico* seems to be the actuating principle before the eyes have been opened to the marvel and mystery of the familiar. When one reads in the columns of literary gossip that a certain novelist is going to Transylvania or Mesopotamia to obtain local color for his new book, the thoughtful person's impulse is to advise him to stay at home and try to get his eyes open to the local color that is all about him. But there is a proverb about the eyes of a fool being in the ends of the earth, and our headstrong young novelist would of course refuse to listen to any such well-meant counsel. Let us quote here the words of one veteran novelist, as they may convey a hint as to how he gathers his material for his fiction without journeying to the ends of the earth for it. In a conversation reported very lately by Mr. George Newell Lovejoy for the Springfield "Republican" Mr. Howells says: "I was never very strong bodily; I have always been obliged to use my strength guardedly, so to speak, and yet I have been able to accomplish a great deal. I always endeavor to be systematic in all that I do. I usually pass my afternoons out of doors, walking, meeting people, observing in a natural way all that is to be seen. I never tire walking our busy streets and meeting people of all nationalities. It is all so interesting to me; and, do you know, I regard New York as far more interesting as a city than London or Paris. Here is a world in itself, of business activity and progress in all directions." The story-writer's kingdom, like the kingdom of heaven, is probably much nearer home than he at first suspects.

* * *

PROVISION FOR THE LITERARY NEEDS OF AUSTRALIAN SAILORS employed on Australian coasting vessels is made in the navigation act recently passed by the Australian Federal Parliament. Characteristic of the radical and usually highly enlightened legislation of that young commonwealth is the clause requiring all ships licensed for the coasting trade to pay standard Australian wages to the men employed, while in Australian waters, and also to allow them free use of the books in the ship's library unless a separate library has been provided for their benefit. Thus the merchant marine is being educated up to that praiseworthy and doubtless profitable practice of giving the sailor an antidote to the deadly tedium of a life on the ocean wave, which is now observed in the up-to-date navy. Ere long we shall expect to see our library schools offering special courses in marine bibliothecology, or library science for seafarers.

* * *

A RE-INTERPRETATION OF THE CLASSICS, as Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick points out in his dialogue on "The Classics Again" in "The Atlantic Monthly" for July, is urged upon us by the issue of "The Loeb Classical Library." In the dialogue referred to, one of the speakers remarks: "My point was that we accept the classics upon a wholly traditional valuation; and I was going to add that one of the great services which Mr. Loeb's classical library renders is that we are morally obliged to look at the classics, so far as possible, with our own eyes and make up our own minds about them. We must take the word classical down from its pedestal and see what it really means." With all the Greek and Latin classics put before us in a uniform edition and accompanied by a page-for-page English translation, the old excuse of rustiness in our ancient languages, or the plea that the Greek and Latin authors are not readily available in satisfactory form, will no longer hold. An authoritative vernacular rendering, with the original on the adjoining page to help one to recapture at least some flavor of the author's style, is all that could be desired for an intelligent re-reading of our long-neglected Virgil and Homer, Tacitus and Thucydides. In a certain quarter, which need not here be named, protest has been made against reading the accepted masterpieces of literature simply because they are accounted "classics." Now is the time and the opportunity to determine anew, every reader for himself, whether they deserve that designation.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A PLAN FOR ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF SCANDINAVIAN WRITERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

At its second annual meeting at Rock Island last May, The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study defined the functions of its Committee on Translations as the authorized literary committee of the Society, its members to study old and new English translations of Scandinavian writers and publish the results of such studies. The Committee was also authorized to offer the services of its members as special readers of manuscript translations to such publishing houses as are issuing translations of Scandinavian writings: the Society recognizing the inadequacy of most

existing English translations and desiring to coöperate with publishers in raising the standard of such English translations from the Scandinavian as are issued in this country. Publishers wishing to avail themselves of this service should correspond with the undersigned; final arrangements, however, should always be made with the individual member of the committee whose services are desired.

The Committee was also asked to make some effort to have new Scandinavian publications adequately reviewed in American journals.

The personnel of the Committee is as follows: Dr. A. LeRoy Andrews, Cornell University; Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, the Newberry Library; Dr. Chester N. Gould, the University of Chicago; Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, the John Crerar Library; Dr. L. N. Larson, the University of Illinois; and Dr. Henry C. Leach, the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON,
Chairman of the Committee.

2239 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago, July 21, 1913.

LITERATURE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIFE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Miss Corinne Bacon, head of the Drexel Institute Library School of Philadelphia, I read in a recent issue of THE DIAL, declares that literature is of little worth as a substitute for life, and asks why it is necessarily a good thing to read at all: "Is there anything sacrosanct about print? Why is it considered a virtue to read?"

She further inquires if it would not be a good thing for many of us to deal more with first-hand things and less with second-hand thoughts. She concludes with the remark: "At the best, books are but a substitute for life."

To this THE DIAL replies that one may have both life and literature, but that if it were necessary to choose one should, of course, choose life.

This seems to me a feeble answer to a foolish question. It is impossible to choose literature as a substitute for life. We all must live, however closely we seclude ourselves. What Miss Bacon really means is, that we should learn of life from people rather than from books.

Now, in the first place, books are not a substitute for life at all; on the contrary, they are a part, and a very important part, of life. We can learn at first-hand only as much of life as we encounter in personal experience. This knowledge is necessarily limited. If we could know only of those places which we view with our own eyes, most of us would be shockingly deficient in our knowledge of geography. We acquire our knowledge of life exactly as a doctor acquires his knowledge of medicine or surgery,—partly by personal experience or experimentation, but chiefly by making our own the knowledge, the observation, and the experience of others. It is extremely unlikely that I shall ever visit Iceland, yet because others have done so and have recorded that experience in books, I know that Iceland exists. It is quite easy for me to become familiar with many of the physical characteristics of that country, its climate, its geological formation, its waterways, and so on, without going outside of my own door. The same thing is true of its social characteristics. This knowledge may be of great value to me or it may not. One thing is certain: it can do me no harm. It is the same with all others matters of knowledge.

Why, asks Miss Bacon, is it considered a virtue to read? It is not considered a virtue to read useless, inaccurate, frivolous, aimless literature; nobody will contend that it is so considered. There is nothing virtuous in the mere act of reading, any more than there is anything virtuous in the mere act of guiding a pen across paper. The virtue of reading lies in the desire to learn, just as the virtue of laboring lies in the desire to be useful. To learn is to become efficient; to be efficient is to be of use; to be of use is to be virtuous. The very desire to be of use is commendable. To deny this is to deny every principle of Christian or even of civilized ethics; nay, of any and all ethics known to man. Stupidity is a misfortune, but torpidity is a crime.

To the question whether it would not be better for many of us to deal more with first-hand things and less with second-hand thoughts, I should answer no. There are not many of us who are more concerned with books than with men, and I do not believe the world would be any better if the few who devote themselves to literature were to abandon it. It is well to remember that "Men may be read, as well as books, too much." If our young people were content to learn more from books and less from life, we should not have so many social problems to vex us. The source of most of our present trouble with "the social evil" lies in the fact that so few young people are willing to believe what they are told until they have put it to the test. Literature teaches that vice carries penalties. Life teaches the same lesson; but tuition in the school of experience is high, and of those who insist upon learning in that school there are few who are fortunate enough to graduate with honors.

ROBERT J. SHORES.

New York City, July 21, 1913.

THE WIDENER LIBRARY AND THE HARVARD "YARD."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It seems as though there would have been many voices of wail or of protest from Harvard men all over the country if the conception had been grasped of what the college yard is to look like, when the beautiful but perfectly unassimilable new library building is completed. The effect will approximate that of the *olla podrida* of Copley Square in Boston, but with no excuse, since authority could have controlled harmony in the Cambridge precincts. The old library building was pretty bad, though familiarized by custom. Since its destruction the ensemble has been much improved, but of course the conditions are short-lived. With the Widener structure, the last state will be worse than the first; while the imagination has had an opportunity to picture what the grouping might be of a sympathetic edifice in the colonial manner that is our birthright,—with University, beautiful Holden, Massachusetts, Stoughton, Hollis, Holworthy, and old President's house. What might have been done is demonstrated in the new Freshman dormitories but they are a quarter of a mile from the yard.

Why should not wealthy givers and devisers be limited in their erections with a living environment, as they are among the dwellings of the dead in well conducted cemeteries? In the present instance the donor's architect has been slavishly permitted to inflict upon the eye in the new building a style which is a hemisphere and a thousand years away from its neighbors!

It is well that Charles Eliot Norton, whose heart was half-broken by other incongruities, should have been spared this crowning one.

ERVING WINSLOW.

Ipswich, Mass., July 18, 1913.

The New Books.

The Crowded Life of a Woman of Letters.*

Dexterous weaver of fiction though Mrs. Barr is, the loom that produced "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" did not reveal its full capacity until the fabric of this popular novelist's real life, rich in color and elaborate in pattern, was given to her readers. "All the Days of My Life," as she names her autobiography, is a book more packed with incident and adventure, with strokes of good and ill fortune, with joy and sorrow, love and longing, strange coincidences, curious omens and warnings, and a variety of unusual experiences ranging from the comic to the tragic, than any romance that has come from the autobiographer's prolific pen. Especially interesting and significant are the inner experiences, the spiritual agonies and ecstasies, that have fallen to Mrs. Barr's lot, and that she relates with a noble candor and dignity that make them most impressive. When she tells us in her preface that not one of several apparent motives named by her has been the impelling motive in prompting her to write her life-story, and that the real reason must reveal itself to the reader, the inference must be that it is for the sake of its spiritual meaning, its lessons in the deeper things of the soul, that the book is sent out to the world. Its general tone and character are indicated in the very opening paragraph of the first chapter.

"I entered this incarnation on March the twenty-ninth, A. D. 1831, at the ancient town of Ulverston, Lancashire, England. My soul came with me. This is not always the case. Every observing mother of a large family knows that the period of spiritual possession varies. For days, even weeks, the child may be entirely of the flesh, and then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the mystery of the indwelling spirit is accomplished. This miracle comes not by observation; no mother ever saw it take place. She only knows that at one moment her child was ignorant of her; that at the next moment it was consciously smiling into her face, and that then, with an instinctive gladness, she called to the whole household, 'the baby has begun to notice.' I brought my soul with me — an eager soul, impatient for the loves and joys, the struggles and triumphs of the dear, unforgotten world."

These loves and joys, struggles and triumphs, were not long in beginning. Amelia Huddleston, daughter of a Methodist preacher, had that variety of scene in her family life that comes to every household whose head is subject to the marching orders of a bishop of this denomination. Ulverston, Shipley, Penrith, Ripon, Castletown in the Isle of Man, and Whitehaven are named as places successively dwelt in by the migratory preacher and his family. About two years' experience of teaching fell naturally to the lot of the bright and intellectual and rather precocious Amelia, and at nineteen she married Robert Barr, a prosperous and promising young business man of Glasgow. But within three years certain mishaps in his commercial undertakings prompted the young husband to emigrate with his wife and their two daughters to America, where began a series of wanderings and of struggles with adversity, brightened with occasional gleams of prosperity, that ended only with Mr. Barr's death from yellow fever at Galveston, where two young sons likewise fell victims to the epidemic, and the widow with three surviving daughters, out of eight children that had been born within sixteen years, was left to support her family as best she could. New York was soon chosen as the scene of this struggle for existence, and after some essays in another direction writing was adopted as the calling most likely to prove both congenial and remunerative. Periodicals like "The Christian Union," "Harper's Weekly," "The New York Ledger," and "The Illustrated Christian Weekly," as also, later, some of the best monthly magazines, showed themselves hospitable to the offerings of the new writer; and though there were times when her purse became alarmingly light, and in one such season of stress her dearest piece of jewelry, a diamond ring placed on her finger by Robert Barr in the old Glasgow days, had to be turned into food and raiment, the plucky young authoress won through unaided except by the offices of friendship, and climbed steadily and rather rapidly to that high rung on the ladder of literary fame whereon she now stands secure.

Passing over the varied incidents that make the first half of Mrs. Barr's book interesting and even thrilling, to the point of sensationalism, omitting the Chicago and Memphis and Texas episodes, which must be read in full as she herself has narrated them, we choose for special notice here a few events and associations from her literary life in New York, and will quote an early passage illustrating the manner of that life as ordered by her soon after she had got her bearings in the new environment.

*All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography. The Red Leaves of a Human Heart. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"As soon as the house affairs were arranged, I went down to the *Christian Union* office. I took with me a paper called 'The Epiphany in the West Riding.' There was a Mr. Kennedy then in the working editor's chair, and he read it at once and was delighted with it. He had such generous words of encouragement and praise, that I have yet the kindest memory of him. He was the first editor of the *Christian Union*, I believe, but he left the paper very soon, and I have never heard his name since.

"Mr. George Merriam followed him, and he was the kindest and wisest editor I ever wrote for. He kept me rigorously up to my best work, but did so with such consideration and valuable advice, that I always felt it a great pleasure to see how much better I could make everything I wrote for him. He did me many favors, and among them he gave me my first introduction to the dear old Astor Library. In this library I worked from morning to night. Mr. Saunders the head librarian was an Englishman, a most wonderful general scholar, particularly intimate with English literature. We soon became good friends, and he gave me the use of one of the largest and sunniest alcoves in the Hall I frequented. For fifteen years I used this alcove with its comfortably large table, its silence and sunshine, and delightful atmosphere of books and scholars."

She says further of this alcove that "though it exists no longer, I see it as plainly *as I saw it before it existed at all*," and proceeds to explain the italicized words by recounting how as a child of seven or eight at Penrith she had dreams of this pleasant nook in the big library and saw it in as definite detail as later when she actually entered it. The reminiscence is characteristic, for the book abounds in similar instances of strange coincidence, to call it nothing more, and curious premonition. Mrs. Barr has all her life either been the victim of superstition or been endowed with unusual psychic powers. Some will explain the apparently supernatural parts of her history in one way, some in another; but the simple, straightforward, unpretentious manner in which they are related disposes one to credit her with the strictest conscientiousness and care in her narrative, and to join with her in assigning to some little-understood cause or agency the otherwise inexplicable occurrences in her eventful life.

Among the glimpses of many persons of note which the book gives us, the following will serve as a welcome *addendum* to a recent biography of more than passing interest.

"About this time the brilliant scholar Moses Coit Tyler was editor of the *Christian Union*. He was a great man in every respect. If he only entered a room, it appeared to become lighter; and in no other man have I ever noticed the radiation of the body so pronounced. He made me believe in the aureoles of the saints. Reverent to sacred things, he was still very much of an every-day man. He fearlessly spoke his mind, fearlessly opposed what he disapproved; and was not, I suspected, an admirer of Mr. Beecher. I remember thinking that if the two men came to an active dispute, I should like to be present. Professor Tyler soon left the newspaper world, and went to his place in Michigan University. Many years afterwards he wrote me some hearty letters, praising the work I had done, and telling me he knew I would do better still."

As illustrating Mrs. Barr's industry, the record of her year's work for 1882, while she was still comparatively new to her calling, is significant. It includes "one hundred and thirty-one poems, eight stories, two of which were long enough to be called novelettes, and twenty-five articles referring mostly to remarkable people, places or events." Concerning the year 1899 we find a note that further strengthens confidence in the writer as a truthful historian, sane of mind and calm of judgment. She says:

"The first three months the doctor forbid me to write, and I amused myself by reading everything I could find on the new cults and 'isms' then clamoring for recognition. Theosophy for a few weeks fascinated me, but Christian Science never for one hour made any impression. I thought it only a huge misunderstanding of the Bible. Spiritualism I had examined many years previously, and discarded its pretentions at once. Truly God speaks to men, but when He so favors any soul, He asks no dollar fee, and needs no darkened room, veiled cabinet, nor yet any hired medium to interpret His message. . . . And when I had satisfied my foolish curiosity, I was sorry and ashamed, and with deep contrition asked only to be permitted to say once more, '*Our Father!*' Going back to my Bible was like going back home, after being lost in a land of darkness and despair."

Mrs. Barr is eloquent in pleading the cause of women. "I am for the enfranchisement of every slave," she declares. "I am for justice, even to women." All the more remarkable, therefore, is the fact of her evident sympathy with the South in the war for the negro slave's emancipation. But her home was then in the South, which explains much. In the style of her book one cannot fail to note, in addition to what are manifestly printer's errors, rather frequent proofs of her frankly confessed ignorance of grammar, which in this instance includes punctuation. Almost any schoolgirl, however, can easily master the rules of grammar; not one in a hundred thousand can achieve Mrs. Barr's well-deserved fame in literature. Her book is well supplied with portraits, and has a view of her home on the Hudson, "Cherry Croft." It is more variously interesting, richer in romance and strange adventure, than is usual with the lives of literary folk. It holds the reader under its spell from beginning to end.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

The Mystery of Dreams.*

In the Interpreter's house are many mansions, and of these the seat of dreams is one of the most extraordinary, as to disorder. The dream has been, to the interpreter, everything, from a revelation of the mysteries and a portent of the fates, to the efflux of a feast celebrated not wisely but too well. Interpretations have sped with fancy or crawled with fact, ever outrunning or falling short of that needful conspectus of the whole dream, which so envisages at once its character, cause, and effects that the whole and each part may by means of the vision be produced, destroyed, increased, minimized, directed, controlled. In bald English, there has been no satisfactory science of dreams.

Now comes Freud with the joyful gospel of such a science, with the claim to dispel the mystery and to give law to the fact. In his gospel, the ancient rôle of the dream is topsy-turvied. First of all, it is not a disturber of sleep; it is a protector of sleep. Then it is not providence of the future; it is reminiscence of the past. And finally, it is not a punishment or reward determined from without; it is the fulfilment of some wish, determined from within. Dreams are at once defence, purgation, and satisfaction, the mind's device to protect itself against itself.

The mind's device to protect itself against itself! It is the inward discrepancy of the stream of life that is the point of departure of this theory. Freud accepts the popular, and for that matter the philosophic and religious, conceptions of human nature as a conflict between a higher and a lower part. To Plato, for example, man is at once a protean beast, a lion and a man, and man, with the help of the lion, must rule the beast and keep it obedient. To Christian opinion man is at once flesh and spirit, and the former must be chastened that the latter may maintain its righteous own. To modern humanitarian sentiment man is head and heart, and each must hold the other in check. To contemporary psychology, a similar inner conflict is apparent; not, however, as an eternal triangle, or di-wrangle, but as a vast pluralism. The mind is conceived as an assemblage of conflicting interests, impulsions, desires, feelings, each with its own adherents, associates, and emotional tone, each tending to fill the field of consciousness, to dominate the waking life and to constitute the actual character of the person whose life it so constrains. Any one of these active centres is called in the Freudian terminology a "psychic complex," and it is such complexes that he makes the units of explanation in his theory of dreams.

Their essence is that they are not and cannot be at peace with one another, that they make of our minds a theatre and of our lives a drama of which they are at once the protagonists and directors. And the catastrophe of this unceasing drama is always that one or more of those "complexes" is driven from the stage of the overt life. It may be that external conditions —the social order, commercial necessity, intellectual urgency, allies of other "complexes"— will drive it off; it may be that its own intrinsic unpleasantness will banish it, put it out of mind; but whatever the cause, it is put out. Putting it out does not, however, end the drama; putting it out serves only to complicate the drama. For the "new psychology" shows that whenever an interest or desire or impulsion is put out of the mind, it is really put into the mind; it is driven from the conscious level of existence to the unconscious level, but it is not destroyed. It retains its force and direction, only its work now lies underground. Its life henceforward consists partly in a direct oppugnance to the inhibitions that keep it down, partly in burrowing beneath and around them and seeking out unwonted channels of escape. Under these conditions of the mind's drama the protagonists get new names. The fellow in the cellarage is called by Freud the "lower instance," the visible Hamlet on the stage, the "upper instance" or "censor." Whatever henceforth ensues tends to be the outcome of a compromise between the censor and the lower instance. Hysteria, wit, and dreams are some of the compromises that emerge. They are the armed neutrality of these inveterate enemies.

This they are, yet not so simply. For life is long and suppressions accumulate, until the mass of our existence of feeling and desire tends to be composed entirely of lower instances, layer upon layer, and every complex in the layer striving to enter the daylight of consciousness without disguises. Disguise it must have, however; and when by virtue of the disguise, it appears in dream, it appears not alone, but in a fellowship in which the suppressions of infancy are likely to be even more important than those of later life. Dreams tend to gratify the whole of our mentality of the cellarage without offense to the censor.

To the technique of this gratification, Freud

*The Interpretation of Dreams. By Sigmund Freud, LL.D. Authorized translation from the third German edition, with introduction, by A. A. Brill, Ph.B., M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

assigns the term "dream-work," distinguishing in it the processes of "over-determination," or "condensation," "displacement," and "secondary elaboration." These are, so to speak, the devices in the makeup of the disguised suppression, which under its makeup goes by the name of "latent dream content." The stuff of the makeup is derived from the day's events.

The overt dream which disguises this "content" is over and above everything else a thing seen; it is a *vision*, and an *enacted* vision. Consequently it can contain little that is literal or direct; every one of its elements tends to be an indirection and a symbol. It cannot, to begin with, as an enactment, directly present the past: the past must be symbolized by some present dream-event. It cannot, again, present abstractions, like logical relations, such as *if*, *but*, *because*, and so on; these again must be symbolized by some concrete dramatic dream sequence: thoughts appear as actions.

This concretion of abstractions, into dominant visual and dramatic terms is the most immediate attribute of the "dream-work." Now each element of the explicit content of the dream may be, and generally is, the gratification of a large number of suppressed wishes; it is thus as Freud says, "over-determined," a "condensation" of the multitude into its visual unity, and in this way a symbol of them all. Again, what it symbolizes, be it remembered, is *outlawed* from the waking life. In order that it may pass the censor it must not only be disguised, it must be disguised in innocency. To attain such disguise means to substitute the trivial for the important, to enter consciousness, if I may say so, tangentially. Such substitution and tangentiality is what Freud means by "displacement." This, together with over-determination and condensation, is the direct product of the suppressed complexes. The rôle of the censor in the creation of the dream-drama has been thus far only inhibitive and regulative. Its positive contribution consists of certain interpolations and amplifications which give the dream a superficial coherence and rationality. This contribution Freud calls "secondary elaboration." It can be distinguished from the figments of the suppressed wishes in that it is more easily forgettable, is not so vivid, and serves, as a rule, to connect and unify outlying or discrepant portions of the dream.

This service resolves on slight scrutiny into absurdities. Dreams exhibit moreover not alone the paradoxes incidental to secondary elaborations. These vary with the occasion. One paradox occurs uniformly and regularly in every dream. It is that profound and overwhelming emotions appear attached to or caused by the most trivial and disproportionate things: that events most extraordinary in horror or dramatic importance seem to evoke pleasure or to leave the mind indifferent. The phenonemon is one of displacement. Freud explains it by the observation that the only unconverted and unconvertible element in the dream is its emotional content, its "affect," as he calls it. This comes into the overt life out of the unconscious in its original integrity.

In sum, then, a dream is a vicarious gratification of a suppressed wish by means of symbolic dramatic action the mechanism of which is devised at one and the same time to satisfy the subterranean need and to pass the psychic censor. The one unchanged actuality in the dream is its emotional tone. It will follow inevitably that if this formula does envisage the essence of dream-life, certain dreams will be common to all mankind, will occur widely, will make use of the same symbolism and be interpretable in the same way. Freud indicates as such, among a possible many others, dreams of flying, falling, water-dreams, fire dreams, and so on. The analyses of such dreams are not, however, as they here appear, convincing.

This is perhaps due to the fact that Freud arrived at his theory of dreams through years of clinical treatment of neurasthenics, hysterics, and persons of otherwise unnormal mentality. He discovered, in the course of this practice, that if he caused his patients to explore their memories, letting all ideas that arise run a free course, absolutely uncensored, they would inevitably bump on predisposing influences, wishes chiefly, and that these, if once faced, would be dissipated, and the patient cured, or at least improved. The treatment is cathartic, its method "psychoanalysis." Exposition and proof of this theory of dreams is offered as the outcome of the method, and the method, conversely, is justified by the theory, in terms of numerous analyzed dreams.

The circularity is patent, and aggravated by the character of the dream-analyses which constitute it. There is additional difficulty because of the unproved general assumptions concerning the behavior of the mind of man from which the analyses derive. The assumptions seem to be used to justify the analyses, and the analyses to ground the assumptions. Again a circle.

Now these assumptions concern the preponderant nature of the governing impetus that is the

core of each complex, and the psychic principle by which dream-contents and hysteric forms are analyzed. In Freud's view the impetus is preponderantly sexual; the principle is that of the association of ideas. Both have been violently attacked, and the former awakens a natural, often a defensory, resentment. It has been said that the sex-postulate may hold in Vienna, but need not elsewhere, and so *ad nauseam*. An overwhelming presumption in its favor exists nevertheless; but it arises from considerations quite extraneous to the dream-analyses offered in this book. These, too, often seem consciously forced and inconclusive,—perhaps because of Freud's delicacy and reticence about what showed itself as actually efficacious and causal, perhaps on account of too great compactness, obscuring relations and connections. Whatever the reason, the forcing and inconclusiveness are unquestionable. Presumptions favoring the sex-postulate come from considerations concerning human nature and the character of civilization, which depends much on the regulation, control, and conversion of sex-impulses. When such impulses find a free channel of discharge in terms of mind rather than in terms of physical instinct they become the power of the creative imagination that generates the illusions of romantic love; they reënforce with their own energies whatever form of the life of the spirit they may press themselves into. This mode of releasing a suppressed complex by its alliance with and reënforcement of a higher and freer interest, Freud calls "sublimation," and it is a sociological commonplace that civilization is in no small degree the "sublimation" of sexual energy. But presumption from such considerations as these is not proof from the consideration of dreams, and on the basis of the material Freud offers in their interpretation the conclusion to their erogenetic character is unwarranted.

The use of the "law of association of ideas" presents together with its advantages peculiar difficulties. It permits us, and there is good warrant for exercising the privilege, to conceive the mind as a sort of network of ideas. Each is a node from which radiate innumerable strands connecting it with other nodes. If, now, any one of these nodes has, for whatever reason, to be suppressed, it pulls down with it, as it goes into the unconscious regions of our mentality, very many other nodes. (This, according to Freud, is the basis of forgetting and all the variety of forms of the "psychopathology of the daily life.") The psychoanalytical method consists simply in getting hold of some node lying near the surface and by means of its connecting strands lifting to the surface those deeper down. Now it is clearly very difficult to determine which of these nodes or complexes that is lifted up has been the efficacious or significant one in the dream. Four-fifths of our lives belongs to the unconscious; and if the analyst is persistent or clever enough, he can raise up the very lowest strata of suppressions, those of our infancy. But it is a leap from their unpleasantness, as indicated by the resistance to their coming up, to their actual activity below the level of consciousness, and the argument for it has logically the character of a *circulus in probando*.

Logically, indeed, Freud is open to attacks on all sides. It is easy to demonstrate that he selects his facts to suit his theory, that his total operation is one vast begging of the question. It has been done. But it has also been done to the Darwinian theory. The ultimate test of Freudism lies not in argument but in its clinical adequacy, and in the ease and simplicity with which it applies to other problems and illuminates other obscurities in the psychological jungle. To me, at least, this "interpretation of dreams" is quite acceptable in principle and inconclusive in concrete detail. How much this may be due to the redundancies and repetitions, obscurities of style and confusion of thought, I cannot say. The German editions of which this book is largely an amplified restatement impressed me similarly. They seemed full of false starts and wrong scents, the work of a man somewhat over-eager to prove something with data of whose meaning he was not quite sure. This impression is reënforced, in the translation, by difficult English, often, in spite of Dr. Brill's conscientious efforts and evident pains,—English that is German, all too German, a diction in which literalness is mistaken for accuracy.

HORACE M. KALLEN.

THE PLAYBOY OF AMERICAN CRITICS.*

"The Pathos of Distance"! Is it merely a suggestive title, or is it a confession? Many readers of Mr. Huneker's latest book will tend toward the confession theory; for despite the craft, perhaps even the genius, which has brought together these various papers written during twenty years, there is still an outstanding pathos of distance. They do not strictly make a book. The "mellowing of time," be-

*THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE. A Book of a Thousand and One Moments. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

spoken in their favor, is not always uniform, one must remember; for too frequently colors fade unequally. The sub-title, "a book of a thousand and one moments," is of course a genial and ingenious "tale of a tub" thrown out to divert the very sort of comment here made.

In one of the more recent essays, "The Playboy of Western Philosophy," the title is a boomerang which cuts shrewdly with a double edge. The "Playboy" is Professor Bergson; and he is a "playboy" because, Mr. Huneker says, his philosophy consists of beautiful images with which he dazzles our eyes and hypnotizes our judgment. The speciousness of this phrase proclaims its formulator himself as an image-maker,—and a maker of false images, too; for while there is much clever writing in the arraignment of Bergson, no understanding is evinced of Bergson's biology. "I recall a lecture of his at the College de France, though the meaning of his talk has quite escaped my memory because I was studying the personality of the man." Here is the confession of the phrase-maker: it is not necessary to understand a scientist, one needs merely study his personality. "The Playboy of Western Philosophy" is a clever title, but not a true one. So with "A Philosophy for Philistines," by which Mr. Huneker means pragmatism. Alliteration, that trustworthy servitor to phrase-makers, has here betrayed him; for it is evident from a reading of the paper that the writer does not credit the phrase.

But in a deeper sense this "Playboy" is a boomerang. His treatment of Bergson proclaims Mr. Huneker loudly as the Playboy of Western Critics. Having ramped genially over the pastures of art,—music, and painting (including that thing called Impressionism), and letters, he leaps boisterously into the field of philosophy without troubling about the gate of science. Bergson's "Creative Evolution" is nothing much to him except an incentive to study the personality of the philosopher,—which is human but not critical. This "personal" element in recent criticism is much run to seed.

It is the same with his comment on art and letters, though here the chattiness and charm lead one to forgive. There is in the volume a very complete and illuminating catalogue of Mr. Huneker's likes, which as autobiography is delightful. For instance: Apropos of Bergson's "Le Rire," "I prefer George Meredith's less metaphysical but more illuminative essay on Comedy." (Of course! But Meredith is not metaphysical, and Mr. Huneker is now doing metaphysics.) Again: "Said the wise Goethe —the wisest man since Montaigne—"; "Imperial-minded Goethe reserved for philosophy but a small province in his vast intellectual kingdom." Compare the foregoing with this: "Ernest Newman has knocked Wagner's philosophical pretensions to smithereens, as did Dmitri Merejkowski the hollow sham of Tolstoi's prophetic and religious vaporings." Now it is all very interesting to know that Mr. Huneker thinks Montaigne a wiser man than Kant or Carlyle or Lincoln or Emerson; also that Tolstoi is a sham; also that Baudelaire is a stupendous poet, since he added new material to poetry; also that Nietzsche and Villiers de l'Isle Adam are favorites; also that he is willing to line up with Mr. Harry Thurston Peck in the dictum that "George Moore is the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray." One calls to mind the great Bentley's remark to Pope, "Very good, Mr. Pope, but not Homer." Very good, Mr. Huneker, but not criticism. In these evaluations there is almost as much serious judgment as in Mr. Bernard Shaw's remark that no writer since Homer, not even Sir Walter Scott, filled him with such intellectual contempt as Shakespeare.

In "Matisse, Picasso, and Others" there is some real criticism which should be helpful to any who confess a curiosity in regard to that trio of phenomena,—Cubism, Futurism, and Impressionism. Here the writer is at home; if one were inclined to be hypercritical, it might be said he is a trifle too much at home,—he is utterly *négligé*. What, for instance does this mean? "It is not alone the elliptical route pursued by Matisse in his desire to escape the obvious and suppress the inutile, but the creative force of his sinuous emotional line. It is a richly fed line, bounding but not wiry, as is Blake's." Here are perfectly good English words dripping from the pen of an artist and splashing over the ordinary lines of denotation. Such writing grows out of a doubtful conception of the purpose and value of the literary art. The art of writing does not exist mainly for the purpose of representing the other arts. It is itself the highest; and compelled to furnish copy of other copies it becomes degraded. Ruskin's "finest writing" was in his early so-called word-painting,—of which we remember he grew ashamed later; his finest writing, however, is in "Sesame and Lilies," "Fors Clavigera," and elsewhere, as he developed the deeper art of

letters. So Mr. Huneker's best writing is not in the technical papers, but in the first story, "The Magic Lantern"; in "The Artist and his Wife," where he gossipfully proves both sides of his proposition; and in "Browsing among My Books," where he regales us with a discursive intellectual banquet.

A further word should be added about style. Cæsar's wife should be above reproach, and a critic must not despise the amenities of English usage and forms. Yet Mr. Huneker adopts that barbaric vulgarism charged to Mr. Jack London,—"humans." In "The Later George Moore" we read: "An ardent Wagnerite, he has written by all odds and in any language, the best novel of musical people, 'Evelyn Innes.'" The order of the qualifying phrases in the above may be extant in some exotic language, but it is not English, not even Aryan.

But when all is said, Mr. Huneker *is* a great phrase-maker. His images are wonderfully felicitous, and for the most part fetching. He calls Bergson a "Yes-sayer,"—a term that sticks, like Mr. H. G. Wells's "Godsaker." Professor James, he says, wrote a "large, lucid, friendly book,"—and for this one comprehensive, satisfying phrase, hearty thanks! There are many such, for this is really a "book of a thousand and one moments." As a "playboy," Mr. Huneker need not be ashamed to travel with Synge's Irishman and his own Bergson.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

THE BORGIA HORRORS AGAIN.*

The chief title to fame of Pope Alexander VI. lay in the fact that he was the wickedest of all the popes. If his son Cæsar deserves the notoriety accorded him in his turn, it is because he was much wickeder even than his father. As to his sister Lucrezia, whose name is probably better known to the general reader than that of either of the others, we are compelled reluctantly to confess that she seems to have been much less wicked and much less able than either of the male relatives we have mentioned. All that really needed to be said about this fascinating family of monsters was said some years ago. But the subject will never cease to be an attractive one, as repulsive subjects so frequently are; and each of the two studies which have recently appeared will be likely to find numerous readers. Since the trustworthy sources are limited in number and material, the two books tell the same story, even in many cases to the choice of the same trifling details. The most significant difference is that Mr. Fyvie narrates the story vividly and clearly, while Mr. Garner's account is ill digested, lacking in relief, and burdened with wearisome details and numerous unnecessary cynicisms at the expense of modern social conditions.

The Father of Evil himself is not so black as some have painted him; and Pope Alexander, who was very generally supposed to have been in alliance with that able but unscrupulous potentate, and to have sold him his soul for certain pecuniary considerations, had some very excellent traits, chief of which was his tender and devoted love for his children. This was perhaps even his strongest characteristic, avarice coming only second; but like many another virtue, it became the undoing of millions, because it left free reign to the devouring ambition of his son Cæsar, a man who would murder his nearest and dearest, and disregard the most sacred obligation, if he saw the slightest advantage beyond. But the Borgias were not all Cæsars, or even Alexanders. Mr. Fyvie dwells delightedly on the pleasant second half of Lucrezia's life, the years spent as a faithful wife and loving mother in Ferrara. There is no doubt that her early youth was almost as free from scruples as to the value of human life or female virtue as that of her mother or her father's indescribable mistress Giula Farnese, whose face (and what more poignantly horrible picture of the state of society in fifteenth century Rome could be found than this?) is said to be copied in the face of the Virgin, by Pinturicchio, which appears over the door of one of the rooms in the Vatican. But when, after having lost two husbands, one by divorce and the other at the hands of her brother, she was married to Alfonso d'Este, who at the death of his father became Duke of Ferrara, a change took place at once remarkable and edifying, even if it was not so absolute as some historians who love paradox have maintained. Certainly the most interesting, and probably the most valuable, part of Mr. Fyvie's book is the pages dealing with manners and customs in the Duchy of Ferrara under the excellent Ercole and his son and successor Alfonso.

The story is full of vivid contrasts. Cæsar married a Princess of Navarre for purely political reasons, left her in a few weeks to return to Italy, and never, as far as we are able to

*THE STORY OF THE BORGIAS. By John Fyvie. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CÆSAR BORGIA. A Study of the Renaissance. By John Leslie Garner. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

learn, either saw her again or exchanged a line of writing with her. But his daughter by this marriage, whom he thus never set eyes on, married that paragon of gallantry, virtue, and generosity, the French Chevalier Bayard. Lucrezia, the tenderest of mothers in Ferrara, left in Rome a three-year-old son by her murdered second husband, and never bothered her charming head about him again. And most striking of all, perhaps, is the fact that the unspeakable Alexander's great-grandson, St. Francisco de Borja, who was born only seven years after the death of his great-grandfather, was not only a man of blameless character, but the most rigorous ascetic and most clairvoyant mystic of his generation. As a member of the Society of Jesus, he showed such self-forgetful zeal that even Ignatius Loyola was obliged to restrain his suicidal devotion, and there is little or no exaggeration in the phrase that characterizes him as "the most illustrious of all conquerors of the appetites and passions of our common nature."

There is no denying the surpassing ability of both Pope Alexander and his terrible son. The year in which Columbus found San Salvador was also a memorable year in the history of the Papacy,—for the day when the Spanish cardinal Rodrigo Borja set the Papal crown on Alexander's head marked the beginning of a new era in the Papal advance toward secular power. With a succession of Popes like Alexander VI., the fiction of Papal supremacy over mere temporal rulers might have become a reality. And Cæsar, as general of the Papal forces, though he never won a real battle and was perhaps not a great general in the narrow sense of the word, was the most incredibly skilful of strategists. His Machiavellian artifices made Machiavelli himself gasp with admiration. While father and son worked together, the world in arms was no match for them; and it required the hand of a mysterious malady—probably the plague and possibly poison,—which carried off the Pope in 1503, to check their course.

Both books are well indexed, and Mr. Garner's has a valuable bibliography.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & CO. will bring out in this country this fall Mr. A. Henry Savage-Landor's two-volume work "Across Unknown South America." The intrepid veteran explorer here tells of his 13,750 mile journey into hitherto little explored parts of Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Argentine. The volume will include numerous photographs taken by the author.

THE ENGLISH EPIC.*

At no time in the history of poetry, compared with to-day, could we meditate on the nature and future of the epic with more healthy bewilderment and sound profit. We have been told by men as far apart as Brunetière, the seasoned foe of realism, and Frank Norris, the young American realist, that the epic has modulated into the novel. Yet Mr. Alfred Noyes, with his dangerous but many-colored facility, seems almost to improvise his "Drake: An English Epic" in little more than a year, and publishes it serially in a magazine before arriving at the age at which Longfellow uttered his noble self-doubt in "Mezzo Cammin." We have been told by Poe and by countless followers, with variations of various degrees of absurdity, that a perfect long poem is an impossibility to both its creators, the singer and the reader. Yet the long poem, just now, is beginning to attract not only the buoyant younger singers but the most wary and cunning craftsmen. We are told by Benedetto Croce and his disciple Professor Spingarn that the classification of poems into epics and other *genres* is futile. Yet under the guardianship of Professor William Allan Neilson and Mr. Oliphant Smeaton are appearing two admirable groups of books on literary types luminous as much from their method as from their mature and learned authors. And among the very best of these books I do not hesitate to place Professor Dixon's "English Epic and Heroic Poetry."

Before we consider the English epic through an examination of Professor Dixon's volume, let us have a word with the iconoclasts. To those who believe that the novel has supplanted the epic let us recommend a rereading of the "Idylls of the King" more discriminating and more richly appreciative than has ever been accorded the poem either by its most ardent admirers at the zenith of Tennyson's acceptance or by its modish foes in this period of temporary reaction; let us recommend a careful reconsideration of the long silences between the spacious epic ages of the past; and let us recommend at least an open-minded curiosity towards the later-day renaissance of the long narrative poem from the dreaming epic episodes of the young Celts to the bluff realism of Mr. John Masefield. To those who are satisfied with the neurotic theory of the short poem let us recommend a careful reconsideration of Matthew Arnold's "On Translating Homer," especially his words on the sustained nobility of Homer.

With those who deny the reality of the *genre* we can scarcely permit ourselves such impertinent brevity. Let us state their case, as fairly as we may, with a concise and sweeping paragraph from Professor Spingarn's "The New Criticism."

"We have done with the *genres*, or literary kinds. Their history is inseparably bound up with that of the classical rules. Certain works of literature have a general resem-

* ENGLISH EPIC AND HEROIC POETRY. By W. MacNeile Dixon, M.A. "The Channels of English Literature." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

blance and are loosely classed together (for the sake of convenience) as lyric, comedy, tragedy, epic, pastoral, and the like; the classicists made of each of these divisions a fixed norm governed by inviolable laws. The separation of the *genres* was a consequence of this law of classicism: comedy should not be mingled with tragedy, nor epic with lyric. But no sooner was the law enunciated than it was broken by an artist impatient or ignorant of its restraints, and the critics have been obliged to explain away these violations of their laws, or gradually to change the laws themselves. But if art is organic expression, and every work of art is to be interrogated with the question, 'What has it expressed, and how completely?' there is no place for the question whether it has conformed to some convenient classification of critics or to some law derived from this classification. The lyric, the pastoral, the epic, are abstractions without concrete reality in the world of art. Poets do not write epics, pastorals, lyrics; they express themselves, and this expression is their only form. There are not, therefore, only three, or ten, or a hundred literary kinds; there are as many kinds as there are individual poets. But it is in the field of literary history that this error is most obvious. Shakspere wrote 'King Lear,' 'Venus and Adonis,' and a sequence of sonnets. What becomes of Shakspere, the creative artist, when these three works are separated from one another by the historian of poetry; when they lose their connection with his single creative soul, and are classified with other works with which they have only a loose and vague relation? To slice up the history of English Literature into compartments marked comedy, tragedy, lyric, and the like, is to be guilty of a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of Criticism; and literary history becomes a logical absurdity when its data are not organically related but cut up into sections, and placed in such compartments as these."

To many this argument will reveal itself porous with fallacies. Yet it aims at a mortal centre, and it has a plausible ring. We may, however, note immediately the injustice of the phrase "to slice up the history of English Literature into compartments" when we realize that the relation of one writer's works with another's is often marked by a continuity at least almost as close as the relation between two works of the same author. The relation between Malory's "Morte Darthur" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" is surely as "organic" as the relation of the "Idylls of the King" and "Maud"; the glittering currents of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" flow far more unbrokenly than the youthful play of modesty and pride of "The Shepheards Calender" and the affected sombreness of "The Complaints" in Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and flow with a fuller swell. The line of causation from "King Lear" to Geoffrey of Monmouth is as inexorable as the line that leads us back to "Venus and Adonis." We may believe all this without being as impatient of the individual as Taine, or as cocksure about the annihilation of the individual at death as a scientist. Moreover the classification into *genres* does not necessitate a neglect of an author's other works; on the contrary the writer of a book on the short-story would probably find himself forced to touch upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Poe's poems, and, of a certainty, De Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean" with its critical preface. To say that there are as many forms as poets is to dazzle us with a valuable but dangerous half-truth, which may lead straight into that romantic anarchy which Professor Babbitt has so well diagnosed in his "New Laokoön." "Poets do not write epics," says Professor Spingarn, "they express themselves." Truly a good epigram to warn a Ronsard as he approaches his *Franciade;* good counsel for a George Scudéry, a Blackmore, a Joel Barlow! But is it quite enough to say that Virgil and the feudal rhapsodist of the *Chanson*, iron, brave, pious, and Milton with his immense and lifelong purposes sought merely to express themselves? The laws of the neo-classical critics were inadequate for the romantic poets. So is the Mosaic law for a twentieth century captain of industry. Is law then a ridiculous impossibility? Doubtless we must always have our literary dualism, our Ormuzd and Ahriman, classicism and romanticism, eternally warring "lest one good custom should corrupt the world." But laws may be at once flexible and mighty; and the epic, a vast structure, like De Quincey's cathedral leagues long, though we cannot always outline its immensity, is no phantom.

Professor Dixon, in his first chapter, takes issue perforce with the literary anarchists. He quotes Croce's onslaught on "the theory of literary and artistic classes" and, while considering him "in the main, no doubt right," deems it "convenient to place together for purposes of comparison the *Iliad* and *Beowulf*, Virgil and Milton, to discuss under the same title poems which resemble each other, have points in common, follow the same models, aim at giving the same kind of pleasure." "Such a method," he insists, "has its uses and cannot be abandoned." It is interesting to place cheek by jowl Professor Spingarn's notions of the significance of art as expression and Professor Dixon's. "If art is organic expression," avers the disciple of Croce, "and every work of art is to be interrogated with the question, 'What has it expressed, and how completely?' there is no place for the question whether it has conformed to some convenient classification of critics or to some law derived from this classification." One can but vote this word "expression," which Professor Spingarn uses with such finality, a very slippery term when he reads in Professor Dixon's book that "the offer made by the artist is simply the offer of expression; he professes form, and by form he must be judged." Professor Dixon compromises a little, calling the criticism of the *genres* scientific, as opposed to æsthetic criticism to which he would give other values. I would protest against this as a misleading classification and retort that the term æsthetic may well be given to the criticism which considers any aspect of what Pater happily called "mind in style." But this is not so disappointing as the rather hesitant attitude that shadows Professor Dixon's learned and shrewd account of "The Idea of Epic" as revealed in scores of poets and critics. It is too bad that Professor Dixon does not assume magisterial robes and define the epic roundly. One thinks of Arnold's memorable definition of the Grand Style. Doubtless Professor Dixon has the academician's fear of an early

shipwreck. To be sure, literary history is strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of definitions; but we should be kindled by the names that have been illumined with nothing more than the bright fragments of definitions. We should remember Buffon on style. To the creative critic there is no challenge more alluring than the challenge of definition. We can but suggest in passing that Professor Dixon's structure begins to totter in his discussion of the epic of growth and the epic of culture or art, a classification made memorable by Theodore Watts-Dunton in his great essay on poetry, but a classification that leads to sure confusion. Professor Dixon is unusually wary in his treatment of it, but the critic who will give us the great definition of epic in our time will recognize it as a Charybdis that no one can gaze into, however guardedly, without growing dizzy. He will approach Charybdis with deep-sea mines and will blast it. One could analyze Professor Dixon's reflections here, and quibble with page after page as he is whirled about in Charybdis; but one should add that few have managed the matter with more caution and discernment. He sees his way out of it when he writes that "Homer, to whom Virgil was confessedly a debtor, owed, who can say how much, to previous bards, nor was the process by which the poet of culture moulded his work wholly and absolutely dissimilar from that which Homer, the last of his line, himself employed." He goes so far as to assert that "To draw between authentic and literary epic a final distinction, if possible, is not desirable." But he sinks back with a justification of the old classification which, though ingenious and unhackneyed, is certainly not final. Then there is Scylla to be reckoned with—the old turmoil about epic and romance. Here again, Professor Dixon, on the plea that "it may please us to distinguish, to untwist and unlay the composing strands, but no one can indicate the moment at which poetry ceases to be heroic because it is too romantic," shows how well he has learned caution from the romantic disruption of Augustan dogma but (may the reviewer repeat it without appearing to urge Hector to the fight only to disappear like the false god in the guise of Deiphobus?) it is high time for the critic, with his new and spacious perspective, to lay down the law boldly in this matter. Nor would I concede that my sterner method would lead to a position half as stifling as that to which Professor Dixon, for all his flexibility, finds himself led when he maintains that "restriction rather than inspiration belongs to the nature of criticism, to warn rather than prescribe,"—a concession that critics as far apart as Boileau and Lessing and Coleridge would certainly have united in questioning and a concession that many a richly endowed "artist" would gratefully honor them by spurning. We must pause frequently to reiterate our admiration for Professor Dixon's careful attempt to legislate without allowing his keel to grate in the shallows of pedantry.

"The rules, like that for the exclusion of the marvellous or fantastic element, laid down by the critics, would have excluded from the rôle of epic poets, if rigidly applied, names the most brilliant, had they not indeed made of it a total blank. Yet impatience, however justified, of the absurd demands and manifest contradictions of the law-givers has its danger if it hurry one into a contempt for all rules of art. Like Nature, art too has its laws; the difficulty is to ascertain them. They are not written large upon its surface, nor are Nature's, yet we may perhaps believe them in part discoverable, even if subtle and withdrawn."

But Professor Dixon's new laws, if laws they may be called, are hinted with an avowed diffidence that will disappoint many who are now starving for critics who will seek those laws with something not only of the scientist's patient and cautious experimentation and collection of data but something of his noble arrogance. Let us take an example of Professor Dixon's unbalanced caution. He would give up "principles which lead to exclusion" but "seek principles of inclusion" (a timid judicial attitude the dangers of which we need not dwell upon in passing); and he urges even these principles of inclusion with noticeable hesitancy of phrase. And after outlining such laws, for all his rich learning and his sane individual thinking of the first-rate academician, we are not surprised to find them summed up rather palely in a kind of definition full of that uncertainty which the foes of the humanist are constantly over-urging against him.

But little uncertainty dims the author's catholic appreciation of his vast materials. To one who has seen our American academicians make "Beowulf" a curious and stupid gargoyle for the sophomore student of the history of English literature, to one who has heard a majority of teachers admit complacently that Spenser bored them, and who has felt in many scholastic publications that the masterpieces were simply tolerated as the material for a "discovery," it is most refreshing to breathe the spirit of this English scholar who can relish both Spenser and Scott, who writes of all periods with a verve that stimulates even when the comment is established truth, and who, without the aid of "discovery" or paradox, can write for the most part with sound individuality. Professor Dixon's style is at times rather heavy. On the other hand he can marshal the vexed and intricate problems of the ballad with an admirable breadth; and when he grows eloquent over such a poem as "Beowulf," which, thank Heaven, he is not afraid to call incomparable, he writes with vigor and glow of phrase. A discerning sympathy is indeed almost omnipresent. To be sure there are some who, remembering in the Anglo-Saxon "Judith" the wild banquet-scene, the nobility and strange devout ferocity in the portrait of the heroine, the clash of the last battle, will be loath to admit the poem "tamer in spirit" than the Old English "Genesis" or even the "Exodus." But seldom will the lover of English literature find niggardly appreciation. It is easy, for instance, after Arnold has led the way, to make a shrewd cut at the

Puritan. It is not easy to write of the comrades of Milton in terms as sure and eloquent as these:

"Clearly the Puritan suffered from disabilities, but as clearly he gained heights of seriousness. Baxter dates one of his epistles, '*London at the door of Eternity.*' Such a mood, even if it be disinclined to dip its pencil in the hues of the rainbow, often rivals in imaginative passion the inspiration derived by secular poets from love or patriotism or heroic enterprise."

It is but inevitable that the reader should occasionally question a detached generalization or a comment. To one who is not so skeptical, in the midst of the scattered reaction against the study of race-traits as to deny Arnold's attribution to the Norman of "the love of strenuousness, clearness, and rapidity, the high Latin spirit," and Taine's exuberance over Norman polish, Norman wariness, Norman flexibility, the rose-window, simple, yet like the flower itself, the clusters of columns fusing solidity and grace, in fine, the facile mind, copious, inquisitive, chivalrous, — to such a one it seems a dubious comment to dwell upon that period of confusion which marked the first meetings of such a spirit with the noble but monotonous Saxon grandeur as "degradation" when the discords were so soon to be resolved into such mellow concords. We wonder why this book should tell us of Mannyng's "Handlynge Synne" and nothing of his quaint, garrulous adaptation of Langtoft's chronicle. In asserting that the episode of Sin and Death is the only mediæval lapse in "Paradise Lost" where "for the rest . . . is a world in which the laws of beauty and of taste prevail," Professor Dixon is hardly just to what may be without paradox called the ugly magnificence of the famous allegory, and he seems to forget such cruder imaginings as the periodical transformation of the devils into serpents devouring apples of ashes as well as many details in the great battle-scene, in the description of Eden in its blessedness, and in the eloquent but interminable preaching of Raphael. Professor Dixon considers the method of the chronicle plays the "reverse of epic," and quotes with too much sweep Pater's generalization that "Shakespeare's kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men," whereas he should have found one of his richest climaxes in an elaborate discussion of the great trilogy on Henry IV. and Henry V., of which the last play is less of a drama than a miraculously sustained epic ode aglow with the exaltation of the hero from a variation of the "male Cinderella" type (so dear to English democracy in Beowulf, Havelok, Gareth, and a hundred others), to the most majestic and kindly and English of England's kings. Perhaps it is a special and a warped interest that makes me question the proportions of a discussion of seventeenth century heroic poetry which chooses the "Davideis," "Gondibert," and "Pharonnida" as the types, and does not even mention the far greater religious epics of the Fletchers. But even if this is voted a crotchet of mine, I can at least add that it is perhaps this omission that betrays Professor Dixon into a glaring error when he acclaims "Paradise Regained" as "the first attempt, outside of Scripture narrative, to draw the portrait of the Founder of Christianity.

I have gone beyond all bounds in my janglings with a book to which I owe a profound gratitude. The epic of mediæval and modern literature has generally daunted the scholarly critic, as it has tempted the belletristic trifler to indulge in generalizations which make a lover of epic inarticulate with rage. Since Professor Ker's "Epic and Romance" I know of no study of this kind as good as Professor Dixon's "English Epic and Heroic Poetry." Dare I add now, in this very moment of contrition over my brawlings, that I am consumed with a desire, which space forbids, to break lances with Professor Dixon over Spenser and Tennyson? Professor Dixon has, to a certain extent, broken away from the epicure distaste for Spenser's allegory, that for most romantic readers began with Hurd and culminated in Lowell's brilliant Luciferian utterances. But Professor Dixon is, from my special angle, too sympathetic still with those who, like Leigh Hunt and Lowell, hold "The Faërie Queene" to be a mere gallery of pictures for the luxurious dilettante; and he is too hesitant in accepting the results of much recent work on Spenser's allegory which, when treated synthetically, will give Spenser credit for a high seriousness at present more than half denied him by most critics except that rare spirit just departed, Edward Dowden. And I can but regret that Professor Dixon has keyed his account of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" to FitzGerald's whims, which have inoculated us in this age of temporary depreciation of Tennyson. I should rejoice in writing here an elaborate *apologia* for Tennyson that would heighten Professor Dixon's own judicious praise, and would go as far as to hold a brief for the "Idylls of the King" as the epic of nineteenth century England. Yet since this is material for a book and not for a review, I cannot do better than quote these words of Mr. Chesterton's:

"If a critic has, as he ought to have, any of the functions anciently attributed to a prophet, it ought not to be difficult for him to prophesy that Tennyson will pass through a period of facile condemnation and neglect before we arrive at a true appreciation of his work."

And since I know that many (especially those with whom it has become a fashion to retail Mr. Frederic Harrison's now conventional jeer against Tennyson's Arthur as a conventional country curate of Victorian England) will raise their eyebrows at my last assertions, I will cover my retreat with two more suggestive quotations from Mr. Chesterton.

"That Tennyson felt that lyrical enthusiasm could be devoted to established customs, to indefensible and ineradicable national constitutions, to the dignity of time and the empire of unutterable common sense, all this did not make him a tamer poet but an infinitely more original one. Any poetaster can describe a thunderstorm; it requires a poet to describe the ancient and quiet sky."

"A man who expresses in poetry new and strange and undiscovered emotions is not a poet; he is a brain specialist."

HERBERT E. CORY.

Briefs on New Books.

The Constitution economically interpreted.

In "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" (Macmillan) Professor Charles A. Beard makes the point that, as in natural science no organism is pretended to be understood so long as its merely superficial aspects are described, so in history no movement by a mass of people can be comprehended until that mass is resolved into its component parts. He shows that during the period of the Federation commercial conditions in the States were becoming progressively worse. The interest on governmental paper was unpaid, and the value of such documents was reduced to a minimum. There was a tendency to repudiate public debt, and to issue depreciated paper money as legal tender. The call for a revision of the Articles came chiefly from the commercial centres; and the agitation was largely kept up by the creditor class, who realized the insecurity of their interests under the existing conditions. A large proportion of the members of the Constitutional Convention were holders of such paper as would be increased in value by the proposed organization. He examines minutely into the individual holdings of the members, by means of the records in the Treasury Department and similar documentary evidence, showing who favored and who opposed the various proposals. He reviews the campaign for the adoption of the Constitution, and shows that the well organized commercial classes were leaders throughout in favor of the document. On the other hand the opposition came chiefly from the farmer and debtor classes. In the popular vote for delegates to the State ratification conventions, only about one-third of the adult males voted, and the Constitution was ratified by a vote of probably not more than one-sixth of the adult males. It was not ratified by the whole people, nor by the States, but by the consolidated group of interests who knew no state boundaries. Under such circumstances it was natural that the Constitution should be essentially a commercial document. Unfortunately, in regard to some of his points, the author seems more like the holder of a brief than an impartial seeker for truth. He tells us that in the Connecticut ratification convention, out of one hundred and twenty-eight men who voted for ratification sixty-five were holders of public securities, their names being given; but he does not tell what proportion of the opponents held such papers. In the Pennsylvania convention we note that eighteen out of the forty-seven who voted for ratification were men of education; while only two of their twenty-three opponents are thus characterized, and of one of these it is recorded, "In deference to his constituents he did not sign the ratification." Professor Beard does not call attention to this fact; but is it not possible that the supporters of the new Constitution, because they were men of broader education, therefore realized more fully the necessity for the Constitution? Many of the opposition were men of means also. Only among the opposition was there objection to the prohibition relative to the impairment of contract. May not the framers of the Constitution have been more actuated by a desire for honesty than by sordid reasons? We fear that the ultimate effect of Professor Beard's work may be harmful, because of its singleness of view it tends to give an erroneous impression and to foster unjustified class antagonism.

Royal masques in the days of James I.

In her volume entitled "Court Masques of James I.: Their Influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres" (Putnam), an absorbing wealth of material regarding the Jacobean masque is presented by Dr. Mary Sullivan, who has been investigating a field hitherto little known to students of English literature. The chief theme of the book is thus indicated: "In a monarchy so personal as that of England under James, everything done by the monarch or by any of his family had a diplomatic as well as a social bearing, and in the case of the masque the diplomatic, under cover of the social, seems to have been of greatest significance. To know this significance, one must discover, with accurate historic detail, the diplomatic relations of the countries concerned." The first four chapters of the book are devoted to a somewhat over-leisurely recital of the way in which England's favor was accorded first to Spain and then to France, through the medium of invitations and other special honors connected with the royal masques. The last two chapters discuss the cost of dramatic productions in the court, and, briefly, the influence of diplomatic conditions upon literature. With the enthusiasm and tireless energy of the critical scholar, Dr. Sullivan has pursued her researches, and has brought together, in footnotes and in a copious appendix, a host of letters and other documents, public and private, to support her statements. It is this material, reprinted carefully in the original English or French, which will be of greatest interest; for here is matter, pleasantly endited, full of references to the pomp and circumstance of the presentation of masques. In flashes one discovers, now a hint of the rivalries and piques of statesmen; now, the inordinate vanity of the noble performers; now, the wanton extravagance of the English in jewels, costumes, and scenery. These precise facts about King James, Queen Anne, and Prince Charles, and the allusions to the "Masque of Blackness" or to the "Masque of Queens" and others, give the reader a keen sense of being a witness of the performances, and of observing in person the men and manners and masquers. Possibly the book is rather too sternly academic, and presupposes too much knowledge of masques to make it attractive to the general reader; but the student of drama will appreciate very warmly this contribution to dramatic criticism. The publishers announce that two companion volumes by this author are in preparation,—"Court Masques of Elizabeth" and "Court Masques of Charles I."

A half-forgotten hero of the Civil War.

The brave and modest patriot of whom Horace Greeley said, "The Country's salvation claims no nobler sacrifice than that of James S. Wadsworth of New York," has long deserved a biography as carefully compiled and as handsomely published as Mr. Henry Greenleaf Pearson's large, illustrated octavo which worthily commemorates the citizen-soldier's beneficent life, under the title, "James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo, Brevet Major-General of United States Volunteers" (Scribner). The Connecticut Wadsworths are known to fame especially through those three illustrious representatives of the name, Captain Joseph Wadsworth, of Charter-Oak renown, General James Wadsworth, who distinguished himself in both the French and Indian War and the Revolution, and Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, Commissary General under Greene when the latter took charge of the quartermaster's department. Of the same sturdy stock as these men was James Samuel Wadsworth, eldest son of James, who had early left Connecticut to acquire lands in the Genesee valley, and Naomi Wolcott, cousin of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's cabinet. A few years of study at Harvard and in the Yale Law School, in Daniel Webster's office and in that of McKean and Denniston at Albany, preceded his settlement at Geneseo to look after the extensive family estates; for though he was admitted to the bar in 1833, he never practised his profession. Of his intelligent and generous aid to sundry good causes, his services to his country in war-time, especially his gallantry in the battles of Bull Run (first battle), Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and his death from a mortal wound received when trying to rally his men in the last-named engagement, Mr. Pearson writes with adequate fulness and from the most authoritative sources. With so little in the way of personal or family records to rely upon, the wonder is that he has pieced out so complete a biography. Portraits, maps, footnotes, appended matter, and index are all provided in due form and proportion. The book is of permanent value and also of especial interest in this semi-centennial year of one of the great battles it describes.

Hard-won convictions of spiritual realities.

A hard wrestle with death, prolonged during several months, induced some very serious thinking in Sir Francis Younghusband, and these meditations on the deep things of existence are presented by him in a volume entitled "Within: Thoughts During Convalescence" (Duffield). Tossed and trampled by that twentieth-century monster, the automobile, the writer underwent far more than the agony of the average death, but his strong constitution and will to live brought him through with an incidental store of inner experience that was well worth relating. Somewhat in the manner of Mr. A. C. Benson's analysis and description of his two years' struggle with nervous prostration, familiar to readers of "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," this victim of an almost complete physical collapse paints his sufferings in a few strong and telling strokes, and then proceeds to deduce the moral, so far as it seems to him to be deducible. Like Mr. Benson, he too emerges from the soul-trying experience with strong convictions of an eternal something not ourselves; or, rather, in the present instance this undying principle is felt to be an impersonal force of which we are a part, while with Mr. Benson it takes the form of an external personal deity. The force as conceived by Sir Francis Younghusband, however, is not blind and purposeless, but intelligently striving to perfect itself; it is, he says, "a vital, propelling impulse vibrating through us all, expressing itself and fulfilling its purpose through us, and uniting us together in one vast spiritual unity." The same thought has, of course, already received more elaborate expression elsewhere, as in Professor Royce's "The World and the Individual," but taken in connection with the circumstances that led to its formulation, this creed of Sir Francis Younghusband's is interesting reading, and it has that tone of conviction which comes only from an unforgettable personal experience. The writer's clear and readable style is marred by a few imperfections, due evidently to insufficient care. When he tells us that "there is a higher kind of courage than physical courage. We feel that moral courage is of a higher *degree*" (the italics are his), he seems quite needlessly to confuse two very different things, kind and degree. He also disfigures his pages with the repeated use of "will" for "shall," and of "would" for "should."

Manners and morals in the eighteenth century.

Few can now find the time, even if they have the inclination, to read the voluminous letters and memoirs of Sir Horace Walpole, unsurpassed though his pleasant pages are as a picture of the age in which he lived and of the notable persons with whom he was acquainted. Hence the value of Miss Alice Drayton Greenwood's compendious volume, "Horace Walpole's World: A Sketch of Whig Society under George III." (Macmillan). The book's nine chapters treat of Walpole himself, the literary activities of his hours of leisure, the taste of the period in which he lived, travel, ways and means, French society before the Revolution, king's ministers and king's friends, some of Walpole's high-born lady friends, and, finally, the "legend" of Charles James Fox, — a legend of statesmanlike qualities and achievements which the writer refuses to take on trust. Walpole's friends and acquaintances, and such incidents and anecdotes as throw light on his times, are skilfully and in a scholarly manner introduced as occasion makes fitting. Curious is it to note Walpole's complaint of the increasing cost of material and labor when he was building Strawberry Hill a century and a half ago. "You would be frightened at the dearness of everything," he writes in 1762; "I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it." Miss Greenwood's praise of the literary style of the

period under discussion seems a bit excessive to those less enthusiastic in their admiration for graces of rhetoric so carefully studied. More might have been made of the famous friendship of the two Horaces, Walpole and Mann; but of this Mr. Sieveking has lately written at length. The occasional familiar "Horry" as a designation of Walpole could perhaps have been dispensed with in a book dealing with the dignified and formally correct eighteenth century. Good portraits and views adorn the volume, its frontispiece reproducing a hitherto unpublished pastel of Walpole by Rosalba, the property of the late Lady Dorothy Nevill. Miss Greenwood has packed into her two hundred and fifty pages a great amount and variety of instructive and entertaining matter. Her task was worth undertaking, and she has performed it well.

Before the palette and behind the footlights.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, son of George Grossmith the successful journalist, lecturer, and entertainer, whose fame was at its height forty or fifty years ago, brother of the late well-known actor, manager, and playwright, Mr. George Grossmith, and uncle of two actors of the Grossmith family and name, has won for himself distinction as an artist, actor, theatre-manager, and playwright, and in his volume of reminiscences, "From Studio to Stage" (Lane), shows himself to be an author with an entertaining, often amusing style, and well furnished with the wherewithal to make a very readable book. On his last page he gives as his motto, "Nothing matters," which of course must be taken with considerable deductions; but his good-humored readiness to expose his own youthful follies, and to tell amusing stories at his own expense, proves at any rate that he is not one to over-estimate the importance of trifles. His account of his schoolboy escapades, his study of art and his successes as a portrait-painter, the run of hard luck that caused him to forsake the palette and brush for the stage, and his ups and downs in the precarious profession of a public entertainer, is all told with humorous frankness and a quite engaging interest in his own performance in the drama of life. In a characteristic passage he informs us: "My dear old friends Toole and Sir Henry Irving used to be greatly amused with my Music Hall imitations. I was called upon frequently to give them, and no one seemed to enjoy them more than the First gentleman in Europe, before whom I gave them more than once." These amateur impersonations paved the way from the studio to the stage; but that one who had had a number of paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy should look back with some regret at the change of calling, is not surprising. Several of his pictures are reproduced for his book, which has also the illustrations suitable to an actor's autobiography. The very name "Grossmith" on the title-page is enough to ensure the readable quality of the volume's often piquantly personal contents.

English life and manners in the eighteenth century.

It is significant of social and intellectual conditions in the eighteenth century that Mr. E. S. Roscoe, in his new volume entitled "The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century" (Putnam), should treat of only three cities as embodying the life of the time, and that one of these cities should be important as a mere social appendage of one of the others and the third should be significant more of the next century than of the eighteenth. London was the England of the time, Bath was its pleasure resort, and Liverpool was the seaport which connected it with the Colonies and marked the way towards the greatness of the Empire. Its population is considered with almost equal simplicity. The nobility was socially and almost politically supreme; the middle class was just beginning to make itself industrially felt, but did not yet bulk very largely on the national consciousness; the tradesman was ignored. Consequently we obtain in a comprehensive glance a pretty intelligent view of the whole period, and, presented attractively as it is by Mr. Roscoe, a very pleasant one. We are made acquainted with the great lords and ladies, the Duke of Grafton, who would adjourn a cabinet meeting for a race meeting, and the Duchess of Devonshire, who made Sheridan's political career, at least in its beginnings, possible; we visit Bath, more tyrannically ruled by Beau Nash than ever was England by the Stuarts; we meet the ladies and gentlemen who worked and played at literature; and we watch the Wedgwoods rise to prominence through their industrial energy and inventiveness. It is on the whole a very enlivening picture. There is no attempt to go beneath the scene, to penetrate into the thought of the century as Leslie Stephen did, or to dwell upon its history as did Lecky. The literary judgments are appreciative and occasionally dilettante. When one has finished reading the book, one realizes that the people of the eighteenth century enjoyed life, and rarely let their morals interfere with their enjoyment.

A Jesuit on the hero of Lepanto.

Don Juan de Austria, the gifted and ill-starred illegitimate son of Charles the Fifth of Spain, has received so relatively small a share of attention from Anglo-Saxon historians that Lady Moreton's translation of Padre Luis Coloma's "Story of Don John of Austria" (Lane) provides the English-speaking public with a certain amount of new material. Padre Coloma's election to membership in the Spanish Academy was due largely to this book, which was hailed in Spain as a new departure in the use of the method of the romance for the sake of adding interest to historical writing. The novelty consists in the occasional resort to the expedient of suspense, and in frequent discussion of mental processes which must be for the most part gratuitous conjecture. The author refrains, in general, from citing authorities, although the engaging progress of a really eloquent narrative is interfered with occasionally

by the insertion of one of King Philip's tedious and turgid epistles, or of Don John's loyal and involved responses. The author's position is frankly that of a patriotic Spanish Catholic, who can see no good in Moorish infidels or Dutch heretics; in casuistry, that of a thoroughgoing Jesuit,—he qualifies the intrigue that resulted in the capture and assassination of a Moorish chieftain, as "a plot which would have been iniquitous had it not been against such a scoundrel as Aben Humeya"; and of an enthusiastic and determined eulogist, whose work, if on the whole fairly trustworthy, nevertheless paints his hero a little brighter, and his hero's enemies a little darker, than do other authorities. An interesting addition to the copies of portraits with which the book is generously illustrated, is a paragraph of discussion of each, dealing both with the subject and with the original painting. The translation is somewhat amateurish.

Ravenna: its greatness and its beauty.

Ravenna has always played a great part in the history of Europe; of one period—the confused and half-barbaric centuries that lie between antiquity and the Middle Age—it is now the only surviving monument. Why a city so solitary, so inaccessible, so remote, should have had such unique importance is the question which Mr. Edward Hutton sets himself to answer in his delightful volume "Ravenna: A Study" (Dutton). He defines his purpose as "an essay *in memoriam* of her greatness, her beauty, and her forlorn hope." Beginning with Ravenna's first entrance into history—when Julius Cæsar chose it as his headquarters while treating with the Senate before crossing the Rubicon,—continuing through the epoch of the great tragedy of the decline and fall of the Roman administration, the story is brought down through the Middle Ages, through the period when it was beloved of Dante and Boccaccio, down to our modern time, as the favorite of Byron, Carducci, and poetic souls generally. Very beautiful indeed are the illustrations by Mr. Harald Sund, both in color and in line drawings. Three sketch maps add to the book's value, especially for the tourist.

Rhapsodies on Italian cities.

Few writers seem capable of self-restraint when Italy is their subject. But M. André Maurel, in the second volume of his "Little Cities of Italy (Putnam), outdoes even the customary extravagance in writing. Take for example such a feverish passage as this: "I am fascinated, lost, my limbs are weak, my heart empty. I am exalted and dejected, at the same time staggering and walking on air. I no longer know anything, my eyes burn, and when I shut them I see the hundred thousand fires of a kaleidoscope turning round under my eye-lids. Is it possible? Was such magnificence ever created? Did men ever exist capable of conceiving such visions and realizing them as fixed things?" In straightforward speech, this means that the author has arrived in Ravenna the night previous and is about to sally forth to see the city, his state being, to quote again, "Why wish to understand? It is so sweet to feel!" Naturally this Post-Impressionist attitude of mind in literature results, as it does in art, in offering pictures with blurred outlines and colors all running into each other. However, the painter usually has the goodness to affix a tag to his canvas which furnishes something of a clue to the beholder. Not so Monsieur Maurel. His table of contents consists of such chapter-headings as "The Nettle," "The Labyrinth," "The Nuptial Flight," "The Muscles of Hercules," etc.; and it is only by dint of much searching (since the volume has no index) that one finds that these captions describe Pavia, Piacenza, Parma, Bologna, etc. The forty illustrations from photographs by Henry H. Burton are uncommonly fine.

Cross views of many subjects.

Despite the title, Mr. Wilfred S. Jackson's "Cross Views" (Lane) is rather less paradoxical than informal essays usually are. Indeed, "Selfishness and Other Virtues" is almost the only example of the normal upside-down or inside-out type of essay; and even in this case the author's mental agility lands him squarely on his feet beside the rest of us. Mr. Jackson's views cross—to change a bad figure to a worse—like the threads of a spider's web, seeming very intricate yet being very simple, particularly if you watch the wonder-worker while at his task. Personally, Mr. Jackson is a highly agreeable human being,—sober, conservative, flexible, genuinely humorous,—just the man, in fact, with whom to spend "A Wet Day," whether in town or country, while he chats about "Woman," "Marriage and Divorce," "John Bull," "The Man of the World," and anything else that his full mind proposes to pour comment on. He knows his England intimately, and knows the Continent tolerably. His acquaintance with queer sesquipedalian verbal monsters would drive you to your dictionary if he did not hurry you past to safety with a significant wink. And his book is by no means innocent of Latin.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A type facsimile of the "Kilmarnock" Burns of 1786, supplied with editorial apparatus by Mr. M. S. Cleghorn, appears as one of the neat Oxford reprints of English classics published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

"Everyman's Library" will have to look to its laurels if the publishers of "Bohn's Popular Library" (Macmillan) go on with their reissue of those volumes in shilling form. It is a most welcome enterprise, and we trust the demand will be such as to effect a transformation of the entire library into this acceptable and inexpensive form.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's well-known "American Highways and Byways Series" (Macmillan) is now being republished at a lower price in editions intended to appeal especially to tourists. Three volumes of this

reissue are now ready,—"The Rocky Mountains," "The Great Lakes," and "The Mississippi Valley." A note embodying specific information and suggestions for the intending traveller is appended to each chapter. The fine series of pictures from Mr. Johnson's camera is retained in these new editions.

To its interesting series of exact type-facsimiles of famous poetical first editions, the Oxford University Press has recently added Tennyson's Poems published in 1842, and Wordsworth's Poems published in 1807. To the sentimental book-lover there is a decided fascination about these beautifully-produced facsimiles, while their value to the literary student is of course considerable. Three new volumes have just been added to the same publisher's pocket series of "World's Classics,"—John Galt's "The Entail," George Eliot's "Romola," and Milton's English Poems.

The attractive little series of Canadian booklets compiled by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee and published by the Musson Book Co. of Toronto, reviewed in our issue of January 1 last, has lately received the addition of two new volumes — "Scouts of Empire" and "Humour of the North." The former is made up of six sketches of famous Canadian explorers. The latter is a little anthology of representative Canadian humor, in which Thomas Chandler Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), the Habitant poet William Henry Drummond, and George Thomas Lanigan (of "Ahkoond of Swat" fame) occupy most of the space.

A combination text-book in English has been prepared by Mr. Alfred Hitchcock. It is entitled "Rhetoric and the Study of Literature," and is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. Planned for the upper high school years, it includes a brief review of rhetoric, a series of chapters upon the study of the chief literary forms, and a condensed survey of the history of English literature. A series of questions on typical masterpieces will be found useful by teachers who are working with the eight works selected for analysis. Helps for the teacher are, indeed, abundant throughout this suggestive and thoughtfully-prepared work.

From his three volumes of "Wayfaring in France," published several years ago, Mr. Edward Harrison Barker has selected such passages as present "a plan of travel in better conformity with the sequence of ideas and purpose than the distribution of the same matter in the original works"; and this material, with some retouches, is now issued in a single volume (Macmillan). The work is a pleasantly written chronicle of journeyings on foot in Southwestern France, through the valley of the Dordogne from Auvergne to the Bay of Biscay. Many of the archaic looking, yet well executed, woodcuts from the original edition are retained here.

Most children in our elementary schools study the history of the United States without any background whatever. To provide them with a very elementary compendium of the facts without which our very modern history is meaningless has been the task of Mr. Wilbur F. Gordy in his "American Beginnings in Europe" (Scribner). Among these beginnings are the Elizabethan enterprise, the fall of Constantinople, the crusades, the Roman empire, the empire of Alexander, and the civilization of Greece. All those things have to be described very simply, of course, and Mr. Gordy has done the work in a way that must hold the interest of any intelligent child. The most difficult thing to do is to find a place for such a book as this in our stiff schemes of elementary teaching.

NOTES.

"The Flying Inn" is the title of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's latest book, to be issued in the fall by the John Lane Co.

The August "Century" contains the first instalment of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's travel sketches, the record of his impressions of Europe on his first tour after the age of forty.

A reprint of the first edition of the Elizabethan play, "Common Conditions," dating from 1576, and now edited by Dr. C. F. Tucker Brooke, is announced by the Yale University Press.

"Gold," the first of a series of novels by Mr. Stewart Edward White, containing material from the early history of California, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Carteret Book Club of Newark, New Jersey, issues this month two essays, "Criticism" by Walt Whitman and "Charles Dickens" by Charles Dudley Warner, from the original manuscripts, both believed never to have been printed until now.

"Fifty Years of My Life," by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is announced for fall publication by Messrs. Macmillan. Three other books of interest are: "The Theory of Social Revolutions," by Mr. Brooks Adams; "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; and "The Soul of America," by Mr. Stanton Coit.

Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. have ready for early publication a new volume of critical social studies by Professor Scott Nearing entitled "Social Sanity: a Preface to the Book of Social Progress," and an important work on the "Life and Times of Louis XI.," by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, brother of Sir Rider Haggard, the novelist.

"The Early Life of Mark Rutherford by Himself" will be published this month by the Oxford University Press. These autobiographical notes were written by the late Dr. W. Hale White when he was seventy-eight years old, not primarily for publication but "to please two or three persons related to me by affection." The volume, uniform with "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages" already issued, will contain portraits of "Mark Rutherford" and his father, and views of old Bedford.

Immediately forthcoming publications of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are: "The Reign of Henry VII., from Contemporary Sources," selected and arranged, with Introduction, by Mr. A. F. Pollard; "The Rise of South Africa, a History of the Origin of South African Colonization and of Its Development towards the East from the Earliest Times to 1857," by Professor G. E. Cory; and "Carducci, a Selection of His Poems," with versed translations, notes, and three introductory essays, by Mr. C. L. Bickersteth.

The autumn announcement list of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. includes among other important new books the following: "The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton," with a biographical comment by Miss Sara Norton and Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe; "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz, with a Sketch of His Work and Life," by Mr. George R. Agassiz; "The Life of Lyman Trumbull," by Mr. Horace White; "The Americans in the Philippines," by Mr. James A. LeRoy, with Introduction by Hon. William H. Taft; and "Bull Run, Its Strategy and Tactics," by Mr. R. M. Johnston.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

August, 1913.

Æronautical Laboratory, A National. A. F. Zahn. *No. Amer.*
Atoms. William Ramsay . . . . . *Harper*
Bananas and Diplomacy. C. L. Jones . *North American*
Beeks, Gertrude. Sarah Comstock . . . *World's Work*
Bible, English Literature's Debt to the. W. G. Perry . . . . . *North American*
Big Leaguer, Making of a. H. S. Fullerton . . *American*
British Uncommunicativeness. A. C. Benson . . *Century*
Brothers, Big, and Little. Henry Rood . . *Everybody's*
Cahan, Abraham. French Strother . . . *World's Work*
Canada, If, Were to Annex the United States. James D. Whelpley . . . . . *Century*
Cancer, New Light on. James Middleton . *World's Work*
Carlsbad the Cosmopolitan. Harrison Rhodes . . *Harper*
Chardin. Warren Barton Blake . . . . . *Scribner*
Child-Training, Cruelty and. Francis E. Leupp . *Atlantic*
Christianity, Applied—Is It Scientific? R. D. Skinner *Forum*
Churches, Too Many. E. T. Tomlinson . . *World's Work*
Constitution, Essentials of the—II. Elihu Root *No. Amer.*
Crime, Causation of. H. Fielding-Hall . . . . *Atlantic*
Direct Rule of the People. George Kennan . *No. Amer.*
Doctors, Fewer and Better. F. P. Stockbridge *World's Work*
Dramatists, England's New. P. P. Howe . *No. American*
England—What It Must Be Like. F. P. Adams *Everybody's*
Equitable, Why I Bought the. T. F. Ryan *North American*
Erie, Lake, The Battle of. B. J. Lossing . . . *Harper*
Eugenics, Intellect, and Character. E. L. Thorndike *Pop. Sci.*
Europe, First Trip to. Theodore Dreiser . . . *Century*
Fauna, North American, Future of. W. Hahn . *Pop. Sci.*
Golf, Mind vs. Muscle in. Marshall Whitlatch . . *Century*
I. W. W., The—What It Is. Arno Dosch . *World's Work*
I. W. W., The, and Revolution. Frank C. Pease . *Forum*
Japan, the New, American Makers of. W. E. Griffis *Century*
Jewish Problem in America. Florence Kiper . . . *Forum*
Jordan, On the Banks of the. Stephen Graham . *Harper*
Juvenile Court of Minneapolis. Mrs. F. W. Reed *Rev. of Revs.*
Lane, Franklin H., Secretary of the Interior. B. J. Hendrick . . . . . *World's Work*
"Literary, Looking." Alexander Black . . . . *Atlantic*
Literature and Democracy. Mowry Saben . . . *Forum*
Magnets, Earth and Sun as. E. G. Hale . *Popular Science*
Mind, The Animal. M. E. Haggerty . . . . . *Atlantic*
Moody, William Vaughn, Some Letters of . . . *Atlantic*
Motherhood, Education for—II. Ellen Key . . *Atlantic*
Nietzsche and Strindberg, Correspondence of. Herman Scheffauer . . . . . *North American*
Past, Things of the. Vernon Lee . . . . . *Scribner*
Philippines, What Americans Talk in the. M. P. Dunlap . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Pronunciation, Common Sense in. R. J. Menner . *Atlantic*
Railways, Valuation of. J. C. Welliver . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Rats, Training. W. H. Smith . . . . . *American*
Reading, Education through. E. B. Andrews . *Pop. Sci.*
Roads, Good, in the Northwest. W. C. Tiffany *Rev. of Revs.*
Rolland, Romain. Alvah F. Sanborn . . . . . *Century*
Scott, Captain, Undying Story of . . . . . *Everybody's*
Shaw, Bernard, and the French Critics. E. A. Boyd *Forum*
Ship-Building and the Canal. E. N. Vose . *World's Work*
Skyscrapers and Fires. J. A. Moroso . . . . *American*
Stamboul. Robert Hichens . . . . . *Century*
State Ownership in France. Theodore Stanton . *No. Amer.*
Story—What Makes it Great. A. Maurice Low . *Harper*
Strikes, How Canada Prevents. W. L. M. King *World's Work*
Superficial, Import of the. B. R. Herts . . . . . *Forum*
Sussex Man, Place of the. F. A. Hodge . *North American*
Traits, Personal, Genesis of. S. N. Patten *Popular Science*
Titanic, Unlearned Lesson of the. Atlanticus . *Atlantic*
Toombs, Robert. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. . . . *Atlantic*
Turkish Drama, The. Helen McAfee . . . . . *Forum*
War in the East and Distress. George Freeman *Rev. of Revs.*
Willard of the B. & O. C. M. Keys . . . *World's Work*
Women and Logic. Edward E. Hale . . *North American*
World Crusade, A. Anna G. Spencer . . . . . *Forum*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 57 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

William Morris: A Study in Personality. By Arthur Compton-Rickett; with Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. With portrait, 8vo, 325 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1818-1873. Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 424 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Czar Ferdinand and His People. By John McDonald, M. A. Illustrated, 8vo, 344 Pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $4. net.

Michael Fairless: Her Life and Writings. By W. Scott Palmer (M. E. Dowson) and A. M. Haggard. With portraits, 16mo, 137 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

Oliver Hazard Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie. By James Cooke Mills. Illustrated, 12mo, 278 pages. Detroit: John Phelps. $1.50 net.

HISTORY.

A History of the People of the United States. By John Bach McMaster. Volume VIII., 1850-1861. 8vo, 556 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

Indian Slavery in Colonial Times within the Present Limits of the United States. By Almon Wheeler Lauber, Ph. D. 8vo, 352 pages. "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law." Columbia University Press. Paper, $3. net.

Italy To-day. By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. Enlarged edition; 8vo, 414 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

The Colorado River Campaign, 1781-1782: Diary of Pedro Fages, edited by Herbert Ingram Priestley. 8vo, 101 pages. "Academy of Pacific Coast History." Berkeley: University of California. Paper.

The Legacy of the American Revolution, to the British West Indies and Bahamas. By Wilbur H. Siebert, A. M. 8vo, 50 pages. Columbus: Ohio State University.

Supplement to the History of the County of Annapolis: Correcting and Supplying Omissions in the Original Volume. By A. W. Savary, M. A. Illustrated, 8vo, 137 pages. Toronto: William Briggs. $2.50.

Jahrbuch der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois. Edited by Julius Goebel. Large 8vo, 600 pages. Chicago: Deutsch-Amerikanische Historische Gesellschaft. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Works of Francis Thompson. In 3 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.50 net.

London in English Literature. By Percy H. Boynton. Illustrated, 12mo, 346 pages. University of Chicago Press. $2. net.

Criticism: An Essay. By Walt Whitman. 12mo. "Limited Edition." Newark: Carteret Book Club.

Charles Dickens: An Appreciation. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo. "Limited Edition." Newark: Carteret Book Club.

Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study. By Arthur Ransome. 16mo, 234 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. 50 cts. net.

VERSE.

Poems. By Alice Meynell. With portrait, 12mo, 117 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Woods. By Douglas Malloch. 12mo, 135 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.

The Honourable Kitty; or, Sixes and "Seven." By K. N. Colvile. 16mo, 38 pages. B. H. Blackwell. Paper.

FICTION.

The Whistling Man. By Maximilian Foster. Illustrated, 12mo, 314 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

The Romance of Ali. By Eleanor Stuart. With frontipiece in color, 12mo, 334 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

De Garmo's Wife, and Other Stories. By David Graham Phillips. 12mo, 326 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

Discovering "Evelina": A Companion Book to "The Jessamy Bride." By F. Frankfort Moore. 12mo, 308 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Lanagan, Amateur Detective. By Edward H. Hurlbut. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 287 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.

Aunt Olive in Bohemia. By Leslie Moore. 12mo, 315 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

The Princess of Sorry Valley. By John Fleming Wilson. 12mo, 302 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.

Keren of Lowbole. By Una L. Silberrad. 12mo, 347 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Marxism versus Socialism. By Vladimir G. Simkhovitch, Ph.D. 12mo, 298 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Crime and Its Repression. By Gustaf Aschaffenburg; translated by Adalbert Albrecht, with Preface by Maurice Parmelee and Introduction by Arthur C. Train. 8vo, 331 pages. "Modern Criminal Science Series." Little, Brown & Co. $4. net.

Business Organization and Combination. By Lewis H. Haney, Ph.D. 8vo, 483 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The Jews of To-day. By Arthur Ruppin; translated from the German by Margery Bentwich, with Introduction by Joseph Jacobs, Litt. D. 12mo, 310 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

A Political History of the State of New York, 1865-1869. By Homer Adolph Stebbins, Ph.D. 8vo, 446 pages. "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law." Columbia University Press. Paper, $4. net.

Economic Liberalism. By Hermann Levy, Ph.D. 8vo, 124 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net

Privileges and Immunities of Citizens of the United States. By Arnold Johnson Lien, Ph.D. 8vo, 94 pages. "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law." Columbia University Press. Paper, 75 cts. net.

State Laws Limiting Marriage Selection. Examined in the Light of Eugenics. By Charles B. Davenport. 8vo, 66 pages. Eugenics Record Office, Bulletin No. 9. 40 cts.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Garden Craft in Europe. By H. Inigo Triggs. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 332 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $15. net.

An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions. By Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph.D., and Addison Brown, LL.D. Revised and enlarged edition; in 3 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $13.50 net.

Western Bird Guide: Birds of the Rockies and West to the Pacific. Illustrated in color, 18mo, 255 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

PSYCHOLOGY.

The Psychology of Laughter. By Boris Sidis, Ph.D. 8vo, 300 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2. net.

An Elementary Study of the Brain: Based on the Dissection of the Brain of the Sheep. By Eben W. Fiske, M.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 133 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Four Mothers at Chautauqua. By "Pansy." Illustrated, 12mo, 408 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.

Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout: Stories of His Patrol. By John Fleming Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 231 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1. net.

EDUCATION.

Pedagogical Anthropology. By Maria Montessori; translated from the Italian by Frederic Taber Cooper. Illustrated, large 8vo, 508 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

Problems of Educational Readjustment. By David Snedden, Ph.D. 12mo, 262 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Industrial Education: Its Problems, Methods, and Dangers. By Albert H. Leake. 12mo, 205 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

An Elementary Treatise on Calculus: A Text Book for Colleges and Technical Schools. By William S. Franklin, Barry MacNutt, and Rollin L. Charles. 8vo, 253 pages. South Bethlehem: Published by the authors.

Erstes Lesebuch für amerikanische Schulen. Von Martin Schmidhofer. Illustrated, 12mo, 139 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cts.

Stories from the Far East. Translated and arranged by Roland G. Kent, Ph.D., and I. Freeman Hall. Illustrated, 16mo, 154 pages. Charles E. Merrill Co. 30 cts. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stellar Motions: With Special Reference to Motions Determined by Means of the Spectrograph. By William Wallace Campbell, LL.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 328 pages. Yale University Press. $4. net.

The Encyclopaedia of the Kennel. By Vero Shaw. Illustrated, 8vo, 212 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

The American Library Annual, 1913. Large 8vo, 468 pages. New York: Publishers' Weekly.

Prayers Ancient and Modern. Chosen, edited, and written by William Angus Knight. 16mo, 270 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The National Bibliographies of the South American Republics. Compiled by John Boynton Kaiser. 12mo, 21 pages. Boston: Boston Book Co. 25 cts.

In the Wonderland of Peru. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated, large 8vo. Washington: Judd & Detweiler, Inc. Paper.

Concentration, The Road to Success:. A Lesson in Soul Culture. By Henry Harrison Brown. Third edition; 12mo, 119 pages. Denver: Olive A. Killin. 50 cts.

Choosing an Occupation: A List of Books and References on Vocational Training, in the Brooklyn Public Library. 12mo, 63 pages. Brooklyn Public Library.

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-third Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., NEW YORK CITY

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK
Author's Representative
Send two-cent stamp for Circular.
235 W. 40th St. NEW YORK CITY

F. M. HOLLY
Established 1906
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED
THOMAS JEFFERSON
His Permanent Influence on American Institutions
By JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS
United States Senator from Mississippi.
12mo, cloth, pp. ix. + 330. Price, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
LEMCKE AND BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK

One of Our Book Bargains
The New Dictionary *of* National Biography
We have a few sets of the latest edition—25 volumes—for a little more than
HALF PRICE
THE H. R. HUNTTING CO., Springfield, Mass.

Short-Story Writing

Dr. Esenwein
A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of Lippincott's Magazine.
One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for $125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."
Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.
250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 571 Springfield, Mass.

¶ Books mailed anywhere — post free — upon receipt of publisher's price. ¶ By patronizing me you will save more than I make. ¶ Pennies make dollars: you save the postage, I gain the sale.
LINDMARK'S
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

The Mosher Catalogue
"The annual catalogues issued by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher have for more than twenty years past held a peculiar place in the affections of book lovers, not alone by reason of the appealing wares which they advertise or their own attractiveness of form, but also on account of the choice bits of literature scattered through their pages." — THE DIAL.
FREE ON REQUEST
This interesting specimen of fine book-making
THOMAS B. MOSHER Publisher Portland, Me.

The second volume of
HAUPTMANN'S DRAMAS
is now ready.
CONTENTS:
DRAYMAN HENSCHEL; ROSE BERND; THE RATS.
At all bookstores, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.65.
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth avenue, NEW YORK

THE ELM TREE PRESS Woodstock, Vermont, has published in limited editions, under the Editorship of Charles L. and John C. Dana:
The Letters of Horace for Modern Readers. $3.
Copa: The Hostess of the Inn. $1.
Arnaldus, The Conservation of Youth and Defense of Age. $2.
Origines Golfianæ, The Origin of Golf, English and Latin. $2.

MODERN AMERICAN LIBRARY ECONOMY, as illustrated by the Newark, New Jersey, Free Public Library. A series of 13 pamphlets, each describing some aspect of library work, bound in half leather with full index, $12. Most of the pamphlets are still in print and are sold singly from 25c to $1. They include a "Course of Study for Normal School Pupils on the Use of a Library" and a "Course of Study for Normal School Pupils on Literature for Children."

THE LIBRARIAN'S SERIES, edited by Henry W. Kent and John C. Dana.
The Old Librarian's Almanack. $1.50.
The Library and the Librarian. $1.50.
The Intellectual Torch. $2.00.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND
By ALLEN C. THOMAS
Professor of History in Haverford College
EXCELLENT qualities of this work are charm of style, grasp of salient facts and principles, and dramatic portrayal of the greater personages and periods. The rise of the common people from villeinage to a share and later control in representative government is traced with clearness and force. The growth of Parliament, the decreasing power of the nobles, the influence of great men, the vast social and economic changes, the development of the British Empire, and the problems of the present are adequately set forth.
Cloth. 660 pages. Maps and Illustrations. Price $1.50
D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Schoolbooks of All Publishers at Reduced Prices
Hinds and Noble, 31-33-35 West 15th St., N. Y. City. *Write for Catalogue.*